THE LAND WE LOVE.

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## DIXIE.

Created by a nation's glee,
With jest and song and revelry,
We sang it in our early pride
Throughout our Southern borders wide,
While from ten thousand throats rang out
A promise in one glorious shout
"To live or die for Dixie!"

How well that promise was redeemed,
Is witnessed by each field where gleamed
Victorious—like the crest of Mars—
The banner of the Stars and Bars!
The cannons lay our warriors low—
We fill the ranks and onward go
"To live or die for Dixie!"

To die for Dixie!—Oh, how blest
Are those who early went to rest,
Nor knew the future's awful store,
But deemed the cause they fought for sure
As heaven itself, and so laid down
The cross of earth for glory's crown.
And nobly died for Dixie.

To live for Dixie—harder part!
To stay the hand—to still the heart—
To seal the lips, enshroud the past—
To have no future—all o'ercast—
To knit life's broken threads again,
And keep her mem'ry pure from stain—
This is to live for Dixie.

Beloved Land! beloved Song,
Your thrilling power shall last as long—
Enshrin'd within each Southern soul—
As Time's eternal ages roll;
Made holier by the test of years—
Baptized with our country's tears—
God and the right for Dixie!

## THE LOWER COUNTRY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

### WHAT IT HAS BEEN.

Although all were the direct offspring of one mother, each of the English colonies in North America was distinguished by some predominant trait in the character of the emigrants, and in the occasions and motives that drove them from the old world to the new. Thus New England was colonized by fanatic puritans escaping from the bigoted rule of the Stuarts; while Virginia was settled by English subjects of a different temper, who clung to the royal cause after it was lost in the old country, until they too were crushed by the arms of Cromwell. Pennsylvania was settled by Penn and his persecuted Quakers; Maryland by Lord Baltimore and his oppressed Roman Catholics; New York, originally planted by Holland, became by conquest, English in character and name; and the English colony of South Carolina, the domain of certain courtiers of Charles II, was early leavened by the influx of French Protestants fleeing from the intolerance of Louis XIV, and of Rome.—These are but instances, not an enumeration, of the differences characterizing the English settlements on the American coast.

As the chief communications and commercial dealings of the colonies were with the Mother country, there was no great intercourse between the colonies themselves tending strongly to assimilate them to each other. Since then, the political union and consequent commercial and social intercourse between the people of the different States, for more than eighty years, tended to stamp upon them an enforced similarity.—Yet natural causes; differences of climate, of geographical features, and of social organization, successfully resisted this tendency.—Of these causes of difference, the chief was the great geographic or climatic fact, that the negroes, so largely imported into the country, proved in the North valueless in bondage, and afterwards rapidly died out in freedom—while in the South they proved profitable and prolific in bondage, yet shewed a similar, though not so rapid a tendency to die out when set free.

Although the presence of a large negro population in servitude was a characteristic feature, common to all the Southern States—yet as in nature no tree has two leaves exactly alike, neither did a social uniformity pervade the South. In the countries of the old world, it is difficult to make a day's journey in any direction, without remarking a different shade of character in the country and the people; and even in this new country, although its people are assimilated by their origin from a common source, and by the intermixture of the population by migration; yet many regions and even neighborhoods, especially in the South, acquired and retained a unique stamp, which resisted the wear and abrasion of intercourse with the rest of the world—but which has now been crushed out by war, devastation, conquest, and the upturning of society to its roots.

Now that they have perished, we would preserve a trace of the features of some of these provincial communities, while they are yet fresh in the mind's eye and stamped on the hearts of some of this generation. The children of those who have fallen in defence of their pleasant homes, now deso-

late, and of those who have been driven forth from their ruins to seek new and remote habitations, may at some future day dwell with interest on the portrait, however rudely drawn, and be glad of the light shed on the traditions of their race. Such a picture may also aid him, who feels no personal interest in these regions, in forming his estimate of the extent of the ruin that has fallen upon the country.

The tide water portion of Virginia, the lower country of South Carolina, and the parishes of Louisiana, settled by the French, are distinguished at once by their local peculiarities, and by the utter and probably permanent ruin which has fallen upon them. The communities that flourished there may seem yet to retain vitality, but truly belong to the past. Hoping that more skilful hands may give us representations of what these portions of Virginia and Louisiana have been—we will endeavour to draw a picture of the lower country of South Carolina. The source of social peculiarities there must be traced from the early history of the colony.

Eight courtiers of rank and influence obtained from Charles II, a grant of all the territory in North America lying between latitude 31 and 36. This charter conveyed not merely title to the land, but all the powers of government—saving the King's supremacy.—Among these Lords Proprietors were three men whose names are still justly conspicuous. Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon—famous as a statesman, and more famous as an historian. George, Duke of Albermarle, the General Monk so prominent in the restoration of the Stuarts—and Antony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftsbury, a man of vast abilities, which he used most unscrupulously in a long and versatile political course. Through his influence, a yet greater name became connected with the early history of South Carolina. John Locke, who lived much with Shaftsbury, as his physician and secretary, drew up a constitution for the colony, which seems never to have been fully acted upon.

The Lords Proprietors sent out their first expedition in 1670, and love of adventure, discontent with their condition at home, and hopes of better fortune in a new country, of which they knew nothing and imagined every thing that could be desired, furnished colonists in abundance. The first settlement was begun on the waters of Port Royal. But the open and indefensible character of this port, and its vicinity to the military posts in Florida held by the Spaniards, who claimed the whole country, and looked upon the English as intruders, led in one year to the transfer of the colony to the west bank of the Ashley river. But the point between the mouths of Ashley and Cooper rivers was finally selected as the site of the town.

As usual in such cases the results of the enterprise long disappointed the hopes of both the Lords Proprietors and the colonists. The country was low, flat, intersected by many rivers and swamps, and covered with a dense forest; the climate moist, the heat of the sun tropical, and the air malarious. The clearing and draining of land required immense labor before it could be brought into cultivation—the ordinary grain crops of Europe did not thrive in this region—and the European laborer soon lost his health if not his life from the effects of the climate. It was long before enough grain was grown to feed the colonists. The trade with the Indians in skins and furs, and the naval stores obtained from the pine forests long furnished the chief exports.

The colony had to be sustained by frequent detachments of emi-

grants from England. Among these were many indented servants—needy men at a loss for the means of living at home—who had been induced by want to sell their services for a period in payment of the expense of bringing them to a new country. Many of them were mere boys, not a few of whom had been kidnapped, and were sold by the masters of vessels to the colonists for a term of years. Of this improvident class, exposed to hard labour in a treacherous climate, with masters interested only in their immediate toil, and not in their permanent welfare, it is probable that few survived their term of service.

More than an hundred and sixty years had elapsed since the Spaniards first brought African slaves to St. Domingo. The want of laborers adapted to the climate was urgent in South Carolina; and with the permission and encouragement of the English government, negroes were soon imported in considerable and increasing numbers. Rapid progress now began to be made in clearing and cultivating the best lands, and in a few years the colony became a large exporter of agricultural produce and of the products of the forest. Many Indians too—prisoners taken in war, most frequently children whose fathers had fallen in battle—had been reduced to bondage. Like the negroes they were employed in the labors of the field; but the red race proved less docile and available than the black—they were found more fit for herdsmen and hunters than field laborers, and died out in a few generations. Many families of negroes were partially descended from them.

The migration from England continued; and within fifteen years after the first planting of the colony, it received a valuable accession from a new source. On the revocation of the edict of Nantes—which had given a limited toleration to the Huguenots or reformed religionists in France—the dragonnade, by which Louis XIV, sought to drive this portion of his subjects back into the bosom of the Romish Church, drove a multitude of the boldest and most conscientious of them out of the country. Many of them sought a refuge in Protestant England and her colonies. Many families came to South Carolina about 1685. They were a valuable re-inforcement to the infant colony struggling with internal difficulties, and surrounded by enemies. Most of the Huguenots belonged to the educated classes, for it was among such chiefly that the reformed religion in France, never popular with the masses, had been propogated. They belonged too to the warrior class, for during a large part of the 16th and 17th centuries, although but a tithe of the nation, they had striven not unsuccessfully on bloody fields and in stubborn seiges to maintain their religious liberties. Though many of them came as ruined exiles, others brought with them no little wealth. Their constitutional temperance as Frenchmen gave them too in this hot climate no small advantage over the English around them, who generally adhered to a diet and other habits of life better suited to their native than adopted country. Almost all the French names distributed through South Carolina can be traced to this source. Having turned their backs upon their own country for conscience sake, most of them seem to have hastened to Anglicize themselves. They made little or no effort to keep up in their families their mother tongue. We know of one instance in which the emigrant rigidly prohibited his children uttering a word of French. Many became at once members of the church of England—a French version of the English liturgy facilitating the adopting of its rites; and far the

greater part of their descendants will now be found within the pale of that church. By change of language and religious rites, and by intermarriage with English families, they rapidly ceased to be a distinct people. Among many of their descendants there is little of the Frenchman left but the name. But in some rural neighbourhoods, where several Huguenot families settled, and have remained in the same vicinity, individuals are still found of unmixed French descent, and their physiognomy and other characteristics indicate their origin. Taking into consideration the smallness of their number, not exceeding three hundred, the Huguenots who came to South Carolina perhaps succeeded better and contributed more to the prosperity and population of the country than any other class of colonists.

The Proprietary government lasted 49 years; a troubled period, yet during which the foundations were laid of many of those peculiarities which until lately continued to characterize the lower country.

Although the Proprietary government studiously provided for universal toleration in religious belief, yet care was taken to plant the national church in the colony. The territory was divided into parishes, vastly larger indeed than the small parishes of populous England, and these continued to be the civil divisions in the lower country until the State government was overthrown in 1865. A church was built in each, and in many cases glebe land appropriated for its support. The Society in England for the propagation of the Gospel contributed largely to the planting of the English Church, and the Bishop of London seems to have embraced the colony within his diocese, and sent out the clergymen who served the parish churches.

The rank and wealth of the Lords Proprietors, the aristocratic features of the government, and the growing agricultural wealth of the country, induced many Englishmen of birth and education, some of whom were akin to the Proprietors, to settle in the colony, still however looking back to England as their home. Many of these obtained grants of large tracts of land, not a few being baronies of 12,000 acres. The importation of negroes enabled them to bring large plantations into profitable cultivation. Thus originated a class of large proprietors, men of education, of well known families, often holding high office under the government, and occupying the highest social position in the colony. Some few of the least fertile and valuable of those baronies yet remain undivided, having been in the hands of the same family for more than 150 years.

The colony had to struggle against many evils—Indian wars, the hostility of the Spaniards at St. Augustine, much civil and religious dissension among themselves, and much dissatisfaction with the Proprietary government —until 1719, when, partly through a popular revolution, the colony reverted to the crown. South Carolina became and long continued to be a favourite with the Mother country. Under the mistaken notions of political economy, prevailing in those days in England, and still clung to elsewhere, bounties were paid on many articles which she exported largely, especially the products of the forest. The cultivation of indigo soon became a source of great profit, and rice became a yet more important crop. Stimulated by the policy of the government and the liberal credit given by English merchants, negroes were purchased in large numbers. Many of the largest landholders were Englishmen of good families in Eng-

land, for many such under the patronage of the Lords Proprietors had sought their fortunes in the colonies. There soon came to be a class of landed gentry whose incomes were derived—not as in older countries from rents—but directly from the agricultural produce of the best portions of a virgin soil.

Some few of the largest proprietors lived chiefly in England, but far the greater number resided permanently in the colony. But they were hardly less Englishmen on that account. One of the first uses the thriving colonist, of French as well as English origin, made of his prosperity, was to send his son and not unfrequently his daughter to England for education, and no expense was spared to procure them the best instruction. We know of instances in which the boy was sent away at seven years old, and came back the graduate of a university, and a professional man. This continued from the first prosperity of the colony down to the revolution.—Partially interrupted by the troubles of that period, it was continued in some measure for many years after the end of the war. Having been educated in England was the standard of social position. In colonial times making a voyage to England was called going home, and this by persons born in Carolina.

Down to the day of the revolution the influx of settlers from Great Britain continued, and a large proportion of them were educated men. If a boy was sent to school in the colony it was probably to an English school-master. If a physician was called in, he was probably a Scotchman, and graduate of Edinborough. The Bishop of London, and the Society for the advancement of Christianity, sent out English parsons for the parish churches; and the dissenting congregations imported English or Scotch ministers for their pulpits. Most of the men of business were English or Scotch. English architects planned and English mechanics built the old and solemn parish churches, and the solid and stately mansions of great proprietors, some of which still or lately adorned the country around Charleston. Of some of the most striking of these latter, the torch of war has lately left only the blackened walls.

The colony was almost exclusively agricultural, few of the natives engaging in any other pursuits. Of the number of young men educated in England few embraced any professional pursuit, with the exception of that of the law. Many of the youths sent out to England, some of them the heirs of large fortune, appear to have completed their education by keeping their terms at the Temple. There were instances of this for some years after the close of the revolutionary war.

All the conveniences of life, all the productions of art, machinery, tools, arms, clothing, furniture, carriages, all foreign articles of consumption—except the products of the British West Indies, came direct from England, even the wines of France and Spain and Portugal. The production of crops and the preparation of them for exportation engrossed almost all the labor of the colony.—There was however one of the constructive arts that flourished there. The abundance, cheapness, and excellence of the chief materials used in ship building led to the establishment of several ship yards; the trade with England and the English West Indies gave them employment; and there were more ships owned in Charleston before the revolution than at any time since. The intercourse between the Mother country and the colony was not only great but constant. Everything that came from England was considered the best of its kind, and preferred accordingly. The colo-

nist was clad from English looms, shod with English leather, rode on an English saddle, on a horse with an English pedigree, or drove a vehicle built in England. His table was, as far as practicable, laden with English delicacies.—English furniture ministered to his convenience while he lived, and an English tombstone (they are still numerous in old church yards) was laid over his remains when he died. The very loaf on his table was made from English grown wheat, and the local phraseology still bears a trace of this. Within a year or two, we have heard negroes on the plantations ask for English flour.

The colony grew rapidly in prosperity and importance. The command of labor increased by the importation of negroes and their natural and rapid increase; new and fertile lands were daily brought into cultivation; the proprietors were advancing in numbers, wealth and education, and many of those features of society began to appear, which are developed by wealth, education and influence continued in the same family for several generations. But the mass of the people, especially in the country, were not in the same thriving condition. The climate told severely on the poorer and laboring classes. The paradise of vegetation, a rich soil, in a hot climate, with a moist atmosphere, is the grave of human life—at least to Northern races. Even the planter in good circumstances, sheltered by a spacious and well built house, protected from the vicissitudes of the climate by the most suitable clothing—invigorated by nourishing food, exempt by his condition from exposure and severe bodily labor, visiting his fields on horseback, and directing his laborers from the saddle—even he suffered severely in his own person and those of his family from the malarious atmosphere of his fertile domain. If his life was not suddenly cut short by it, he grew prematurely aged—and was an old man among his neighbors before he reached fifty. A search among the tombstones of the last century, in the country church yards, shows that few reached that age. But with his poor neighbor, who earned a scanty living by the labor of his own hands, it fared far worse. Badly sheltered by an humble roof, meanly clad, poorly fed, and exposed to every evil influence of the climate, the scorching sun, and the chilling dews—when exhausted by daily toil, he sooner sunk under the poison.—Labor became impossible; whole families died out; and others of stronger constitutions who lived on, had to seek other means of living, than labor in the field.

As the country became more cleared, and a larger portion of the richer lands were brought under cultivation, the climate became more unhealthy. After some time, it was observed that the planter, who had naturally established his homestead in the vicinity of the richest soils, suffered more severely in health, than his neighbor, who being engaged in the preparation of tar, pitch and turpentine and lumber for the market, found his home on the dry and barren pine ridges, which intersect the country on the coast.

Hence grew the custom, that while the planter chose the most fertile soils for his fields, he selected the highest, dryest, and most barren spot, in these pine woods for his summer residence, and carefully preserved the surrounding forest in its primitive condition as the best safe-guard of his health. To find such a spot he had often to go several miles from the fields that grew his crops; early in summer he abandoned his mansion on the plantation. The labors of the field were performed by his negroes, who could live on the spot without suffering from

local causes of disease; for in numerous localities, throughout the South, the same air that breathes pestilence and death to the white man, brings health and vigor to the black. To the planter well mounted, a few miles were nothing. From his summer house, he could easily superintend the labors of his negroes, and the tillage of his fields.

His poorer neighbors abandoning the attempt to cultivate the richer and more malarious soils, settled in the less fertile but more healthy pine woods, where cultivating a few acres for bread, which he often failed to make, rearing some few cattle and hogs for market, he earned a scanty livelihood.—Some of the more intelligent and energetic of these men became great stock breeders, owning large herds of cattle, which ranged over the uncleared country, finding food in winter in the swamps and canebrakes, and only occasionally driven up to the pens, to be marked and branded, or to be driven to a market. Even in our day, there are men owning a few acres around their own homesteads, who have many hundreds and even some thousands of cattle habitually pastured on the uncleared land of their neighbor. A larger number of the poorer class found employment as overseers on the plantations of wealthy planters, where, exempt from hard labor, and living in abundance, they were somewhat shielded from the worst effects of the climate; and often recieving liberal wages, they sometimes laid the foundation of their own fortunes. But in general the overseers of the lower country proved a short lived class—and our observation leads us to the belief, that there is a waste of life among the poorer whites of the rural districts which has been only supplied, formerly by immigration from abroad, latterly by migration from more healthy regions in the interior. The experience of generations has proved that a white peasantry, the tillers of the soil, cannot permanently sustain itself in the tide water region of South Carolina; and the remark probably applies to a large portion of the Southern States. The climate of Charleston itself has not been so unfavorable to the European race. Although a disease, intensely malignant to strangers, occasionally prevails there during the latter part of the summer—yet among the acclimated natives, as large families are raised, and as many instances of extreme age are met with as in other countries. Still the heat of the climate for half the year has always proved a serious obstacle to the industry of the laboring classes. Charleston therefore, like the country around, was full of negroes, to whom almost all unskilled labor was assigned. But a prosperous community needs and affords profitable employment to a variety of agents, many of them engaged in pursuits requiring intellectual culture and professional skill. There were in the colony a numerous professional and commercial class, deriving their support indirectly yet exclusively from the agricultural wealth of the country.

Thus long before the revolution the population of this region had assumed a definite classification, which it has retained to our day. The negroes almost exclusively formed, or supplied the place of a peasantry—the tillers of the soil—and furnished the unskilled labor of the community. The holders of lands and slaves, formed a class of themselves, upon which all other classes were more or less dependant. They were numerous, wealthy, many of them highly educated, the sons of rich and educated men—and some of them sprung from families of note in England. Their influence predominated in the colony, and they gave the tone to society. The

most successful and eminent professional men, hastened to add the position of the planter to their original pursuit—while few natives, born to a competence, engaged in any other occupation, than agriculture, except occasionally, the practice of the law.—There seems to have been much mental activity in the colony, and not a few men of family and fortune adopted this profession, as the best stepping stone to political power.

Although the career of the colony had been one of progress, it was not one of peace. It had partaken of the triumphs and disasters of the British wars with France and Spain. It had been involved frequently in bloody contests with the Indian Nations combined against them. The militia of the colony had been repeatedly and for long periods under arms in defence of their homes, or in remote enterprises, by sea as well by land. They had achieved brilliant successes and experienced grievous disasters. In that age the military spirit of the people was not suffered to die out for want of excitement. They had also been agitated by violent civil and religious dissensions; for the government, or those who wielded its powers—were frequently out of favor with a large portion of the people. The dissenters from the church, were numerous, and more than one attempt was made to disfranchise and oppress them. Many of these evils originated in the colony. Great Britain on the whole proved a nursing mother to her offspring, who received efficient protection, important favor, and generally, justice at her hands.

When the disputes arose between the colonies and the Mother country, which led to the revolution—it might have been expected that the class of native Carolinians who had been educated in England, who prided themselves on their English origin, and studiously imitated the habits, manners and style of living of the English gentleman, would have shown extreme reluctance to severing the ties that had hitherto bound them to England. It did not prove so. On the contrary this very class, with some exceptions, were most anxious in urging on the contest, and took infinite pains to convince those who from narrowness of education, were less capable of judging of the merits of the quarrel, of the necessity of resistance. This was the class which filled the colonial assembly, that renounced the royal government, and which officered the troops which resisted the royal arms. They were doubtless convinced that the measures of the government were aggressive on the rights of the subject, and if not already oppressive, violated the principle which constituted the best security against oppression. They felt that no government, and least of all a parliamentary government, seated at a remote distance from a country, can sufficiently understand and sympathize with the rights and interests and character of the people of that country, to govern them well or do them justice. The first essential of a good government, is that it should be located in the midst of the people it is to govern. There, whatever its form may be, it will somewhat represent their feelings and interests. The true offence of the British government was that it was a foreign government, seated on one side of the Atlantic and governing a people on the other, who had no longer the same interests, and who had grown out of their knowledge.

But another motive, unavowed, greatly influenced this class. The colonial gentleman sent to England in boyhood, educated at the same school and college with English youths, most of them no better born or richer than himself,

on seeking to mingle in society in England, found that he was not considered exactly the equal of his associates. They were Englishmen, he but a provincial, and he was made to feel the distinction. On returning home he found that when he sought a post of honor or profit in the gift of the crown, it was generally bestowed in preference on some Englishman, perhaps newly sent out to fill the place. Many highly educated young men returned to the colony with feelings of no little bitterness against the old country, and in many cases mortified pride, and disappointed ambition, inflamed the patriot's zeal.

The effect of the revolutionary war was for a time unfavorable to society in South Carolina. Besides the demoralizing effects of a seven years' war, marked by many disasters, the country long felt the loss of many highly educated men. Many clergymen, physicians, some lawyers and others, being natives of the old country, adhered to her in the struggle.—Some natives too of the colony, of the first position, preferred abandoning their homes to abandoning their allegiance to the British crown. That offshoot of the church of England planted here, now no longer the established church, suffered greatly for a time from the loss of most of its ministers and other causes of depression, and other churches also suffered in the same way but in a less degree.

The character of the government had hitherto exercised no little influence on the social condition of this region. Political influences had now a different tendency, but did not operate so strongly as to change rapidly opinions and customs that had been taking root for a century. In the colonial government, the republican features already predominated, and the State of South Carolina, moved more slowly towards pure and radical democracy, which has since been confounded with republicanism. Unlike most of the other States, especially the new States, South Carolina had resisted innovation and retained some things in her institutions which others hastened to abolish.

In South Carolina, by a peculiar arrangement, by which both population and taxation were represented, and by the right of an owner of a freehold, in an elective precinct to vote there, though not a resident—property still had a voice in legislation. And so it should; for the security of property lies at the foundation of government.

In South Carolina, the judges yet retain their seats for life, unless removed by impeachment.—This gave dignity and independence to the bench, and made it an object of ambition to the leading members of the bar. Few things are better worth paying well for than ability, and integrity, in the administration of justice. In South Carolina legislation did not seek every occasion of multiplying popular elections. Thus the Governor of the State and the electors of President and Vice President of the U. S. were chosen by the legislature, and not by the people. And truly a popular election is not in itself a good thing, but rather a necessary evil. In South Carolina, more of the principles, and provisions, of the English common law, continued of force than in any other State, embracing much that has been swept away in England itself, by the sweeping legislation of the last few years. While in other States legislation and custom has been facilitating the dissolution of the marriage tie—in South Carolina there never has been a divorce from the bond of matrimony—where the marriage had been originally legal. Doubtless the ability to obtain a divorce had occasioned a multitude of cases calling for di-

vorcement, while the sanctity of the marriage tie lies at the very foundation of society and morals.

But the social peculiarities of the lower country, originated chiefly in natural local causes which continued to operate without reference to changes of government.

This region, intersected by many rivers and water-courses, embraced much very fertile, and yet more very poor, land. The fertile and improvable lands, were devoted almost exclusively to two branches of agriculture. On the fresh water alluvions, especially, those on rivers within reach of the rise and fall of the tide, rice was cultivated. On the higher lands, and on some small portions of the salt water alluvions, that species of cotton was cultivated which for length and fineness of fabric is only excelled by the product of the silk worm. In both of these branches of agriculture, but especially the first, owing to the character of the climate, and the kind of labor employed, to the elaborate and expensive preparations of the land, buildings, and machinery—necessary for the most complete cultivation, and preparation of the crop—only large farmers succeeded—and small farmers failed. In fact a plantation, and especially a rice plantation, was a community in itself. The proprietor employed as overseer, some white man, selected for character, intelligence, and experience in rice planting and the management of negroes, and his wages were generally high. From among the negroes, one or two men were selected, for their intelligence, trustiness, and skill in the cultivation of the crop.—There was need of one, two, or more carpenters, according to the size of the place, and others had to be set apart, for special duties. There was often some job to be done, which required the combined strength, of ten, twenty, or more hands. The plantation required therefore, the outlay of much capital, and the command of much labor, and large plantations, with one or two hundred negroes or more, admitted of better management, and more thorough cultivation, than the smaller. There was much that was attractive in the position and pursuits of the planter, to induce the son to follow the occupation of the father, and as the negroes multiplied almost as, and in many cases more rapidly than the white population, and there was still much new and fertile land to be brought into cultivation, the wealthy planter, often left several sons to follow his footsteps. Many estates there have remained in the same family for several generations and some from the first planting of the colony. But often a change in cultivation had caused a change of residence, and in many cases the descendants of the planter and of his negroes, who were in the last century employed in cultivating indigo, or tobacco, in one neighborhood, had abandoned the old homestead, and were cultivating a rice or cotton plantation many miles off. Some of these abandoned neighborhoods, have returned to a state of wilderness. The deserted homesteads of a score or two of wealthy families, have rotted to the ground or been destroyed by the annual fires which, lit by the herdsman, sweep through the forests in the spring of the year. We have seen the tombstones of the old church-yards disturbed and overthrown by the dense growth of the forest, and a herd of cattle taking shelter under the roof of the parish church, the solid walls of which resisted the annual fires and the hand of time. Still there has been a permanence of society, of habitation, and of occupation, in strong contrast with the general characteristics of the country at large. From an early period in the existence of the colony to this day, the same family

names frequently re-appear in society, and in public life, and even the negro population was largely the descendants of negroes born on the same estate, and held by the same family as their grandsires. We know families lately owning three or four hundred negroes who have not purchased one in one hundred years.

The climate drove the planters from the plantations, for five months in the year. The salubrity and other attractions of some neighboring spot drew many families to it, and thus grew up in the pine forest and on the seashore, villages inhabited only in summer, and only by a better class of people. But Charleston became the summer residence of many of the richer planters. There they enjoyed the advantages of education for their children and society for themselves.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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THE BROWN BRIDGE.

The Brown Bridge spans the streamlet, and
The evergreens, from hand to hand,
Arch the road-way's snow-white sand.

A Picture! and I loved the same
Till MARY there to meet me, came,
And left my picture, but a frame!

An *oval* such as might entwine
The mild Madonna of a shrine
From some old Master's hand, divine.

And ever since, in passing there,
The same sweet phantom haunts the air,
With azure eyes and floating hair.

Grow on, ye evergreens, and throw
Soft shadows on the dust below;
And ye dark waters, murmur low

Of *other* streams, *not* dark or wide,
So Mary, with my joy, that died,
Shall meet me on the other side.

F. O. TICKNOR.

July 26, 1866.

## GEN. D. H. HILL'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

GENERAL:

I have the honor to report the part taken by my command in the operations around Chattanooga, terminating in the battle of Chickamauga on the 19th and 20th September, 1863.

I reached Chattanooga on the 19th July and was assigned to Hardee's old troops, consisting of Cleburne's and Stewart's Divisions. They were encamped on the Chickamauga about Tyners Station.

The Yankees soon made their appearance at Bridgeport, and I made arrangements to guard the crossings of the Tennessee. A regiment was posted at Sivley's ford, another at Blythe's ferry, and Wood's brigade at Harrison. On Fast Day, Aug. —, while religious services were being held in Chattanooga, the enemy appeared on the opposite side of the river and commenced shelling the town without giving notice. Our pickets and scouts (if any were out) had given no warning of his approach. Some women and children were killed and wounded by this not unusual act of atrocity.

A few nights before, Clayton's brigade had been moved up to Birchwood, three miles from the mouth of the Hiawassee, and Gen. Clayton was instructed to send an officer up the river until he met our cavalry pickets and endeavor to effect a connection with them. Gen. C. reported to me that he found no pickets for forty miles, the great mass of our cavalry being at Kingston. This report was communicated to the Commander-in-chief and the cavalry pickets were moved down, so as to connect with Clayton. The shelling of Chattanooga revealed the fact that the enemy was in our immediate front and I ordered Cleburne's division to Harrison, and had it distributed so that every ford and ferry from the mouth of the Chickamauga to the mouth of the Hiawassee was guarded and covered by rifle pits and batteries. It had been the design of the enemy to interpose a column between Knoxville and Chattanooga and thus isolate Buckner, while Burnside should appear on his flank. But, after trying all the crossings and finding them guarded by vigilant and determined men, he was constrained to abandon his original plan.

Breckenridge's division having come up from Mississippi was assigned to my corps, and Stewart's division was soon after sent up towards Knoxville to join Buckner. Stovall's brigade of Breckenridge's division was posted at Sivley's ford, and as the enemy still threatened a crossing, Hindman's division of Polk's corps was sent to our support. On Sunday August the 30th, we learned almost accidentally through a citizen that the corps of Thomas and McCook had crossed at Caperton's Ferry, begining the movement the Thursday before.

This was the natural point of crossing for the enemy, as it was near to their depot at Stevenson, and gave them a good road on our flank and rear. Buckner's command, was brought down from Knoxville and the Commander-in-chief resolved to abandon Chattanooga. The reason given by him for this evacuation was that the enemy was getting in his rear and might seize the crossings of the Oostanaula and starve his army, as he had no movable pontoon train. The movement began on the night of Sept. the 3d, my corps taking the lead, on the Lafayette road. The mass of the enemy's army was supposed to be at Trenton in Will's Valley, but as our

cavalry soon lost the almost impregnable position of Look-Out mountain with but small loss on either side, the enemy began to pour down into McLe More Cove. I was accordingly ordered by the Com'd'g General to picket the gaps in Pigeon mountain. This duty was entrusted to Gen. Cleburne, while Breckenridge was left at Lafayette in charge of the trains of the army.

About daylight on the morning of the 10th Sept I received the following order from the General Commanding.

Head-Quarters, Army of Tennessee, Gordon's Mills,
Sept. 9, 1863, 11 3-4 P. M.

GENERAL HILL:

I enclose orders given to Gen. Hindman. Gen. Bragg directs that you send or take as your judgment dictates, Cleburne's division to re-unite with Hindman at Davis' X Roads to-morrow morning. Hindman starts at 12 to-night and has 13 miles to make.

The Commander of the columns thus united will move upon the enemy at the foot of Steven's Gap said to be 4 or 5000.

If unforeseen circumstances should prevent your movement, notify Hindman.

A cavalry force should accompany your column. Hindman has none.

Open communication with Hindman by your cavalry in advance of the junction. He marches on the road from Dr. Anderson's to Davis' X Roads.

Signed W. W. MACKALL,
Chief of Staff.

I immediately replied to this note notifying the Com'd'g General of the late hour at which it had been received, and stating that Gen. Cleburne had been sick in bed all day, that two of his regiments which had been picketing above Harrison had not yet joined him, that one of his three brigades had to be relieved from picket at the Gaps, and that these Gaps had been heavily obstructed by our cavalry, and some hours would be required to open them up.

Inasmuch, too, as Cleburne would have nearly, if not quite as long a march as Hindman, I believed the intended junction would be impossible, and certainly no surprise could be effected. These reasons appeared' satisfactory to the Com. Gen. as he made no complaint in regard to my not making the movement, and met me the next day with his usual cordiality. Gen. Buckner at Gordon's Mill was directed to make the movement, instead of Gen. Cleburne, and the language of the order to Gen. Buckner recognised the impracticability of the order issued to me. "Gen. Hill has found it *impossible* to carry out the part assigned to Cleburne's division." In fact, Gen. Hindman had made his night march, and reached the neighborhood of the enemy, almost by the time I received the order to move to effect a junction. As there could be no direct communication with him, the following note did not reach me from him until the afternoon.

H'D Q'RS, &c., at Morgan's on "Cove Road" four miles from Davis' X Roads.
Sept. 10th, 1863, 6 A. M.

GENERAL:

I expected you would open communication with me by the time I reached this place, but, as yet, hear nothing from you. If it be true, as I learn it is, that the road from Lafayette to Davis' X Roads is blockaded at Dug's Gap, and the Catlettt's Gap road also blockaded, I fear it will be impossible to effect the intended junction. Your better information will enable you to decide as to that.

There are rumors here that a Federal division is at and near Davis' X Roads, and another at

Bailey's X Roads. Col. Russell, commanding a cavalry regiment of Martin's brigade has gone forward to ascertain the facts. I deem it inexpedient to move beyond this place, till I learn that you are in motion and that we can safely unite.

Very respectfully,
Your ob't servant,
T. C. HINDMAN, Maj. Gen.

On the morning of the 11th, Cleburne's division, followed by Walker's, marched to Dug Gap. It was understood that Hindman and Buckner would attack at daylight; and these other divisions were to co-operate with them. The attack, however, did not begin at the hour designated, and so imperfect was the communication with Hindman, that it was noon before he could be heard from. I was then directed to move with the divisions of Cleburne and Walker and make a front attack upon the enemy. The sharp-shooters of Wood's brigade under the gallant Maj. Hawkins advanced in handsome style, driving in the Yankee pickets and skirmishers, and Cleburne's whole force was advancing on their line of battle, when I was halted by an order from Gen. Bragg. The object was, as supposed, to wait until Hindman got in the Yankee rear. About an hour before sundown, I was ordered once more to advance, but the enemy soon rapidly retired. Their rear was gallantly attacked by a company of our cavalry, but made a stand on the other side of Chickamauga creek, under cover of a battery of artillery. Semple's magnificent battery was ordered up and in a short time silenced the enemy's fire with heavy loss, and his rout was complete. I had in the mean time communicated with Gen. Buckner in person, and by an Aid, with Gen. Hindman, and had arranged to connect my line of skirmishers and battle with theirs, so as to sweep everything before us. The prompt flight of the enemy and the approaching darkness saved him from destruction. This force proved to be the advance of Thomas' corps—the main body being opposite Steven's Gap in Look-out Mountain.

This day and the following, my signal corps and scouts on Pigeon Mountain reported the march of a heavy column up the cove to our left. These reports were communicated to the Com. General, but were discredited by him. On the morning of the 13th, all the troops, except my two divisions, moved up to Lee & Gordon's Mill to attack Crittenden's corps, isolated at that point. The attack however was not made.

At 8 a. m., Lt. Baylor of the cavalry reported to me, with a note from Gen. Wharton, vouching for his entire reliability. Lt. Baylor stated that McCook with his corps had encamped at Alpine the night before and that his column was moving on to Lafayette. Our cavalry pickets had been driven in on the Alpine road the evening before, a few miles from town and I had directed Gen. Breckinridge to supply their place with infantry pickets. Soon after the report of Lt. Baylor, a brisk fire opened upon the Alpine road about two miles from Lafayette. Upon reaching the point, I found that two regiments of cavalry had attacked the skirmishers of Adams' brigade, and had been repulsed with considerable loss. Gen. Adams was satisfied from the manner of the advance that this force was the vanguard of a heavy column. I therefore brought down a brigade (Polk's) from Cleburne, on Pigeon Mountain, and prepared for battle. The enemy's cavalry had, however, captured the infantry picket, and upon McCook learning that the men belonged to Breckinridge's division, he became aware, that Bragg had been reinforced and began a precipitate re-

treat. The report of Lt. Baylor and the advance upon Lafayette did not satisfy the Com. General that McCook had been in our vicinity. He emphatically denied on the night of the 13th that a single Yankee foot soldier had crossed Pigeon Mountain. He stated, however, in council next morning that McCook was at Alpine, Thomas in McLe More Cove, and Crittenden at Lee & Gordon's Mill. The enemy's right was therefore separated from the left by some sixty miles with a difficult mountain to cross; and the centre was more than a day's march from either wing. Our own force was concentrated at Lafayette and could have been thrown upon either corps, without the remotest possibility of being molested by the other two. The attack however was delayed for six days.

The withdrawal of McCook from Alpine and the appearance of a heavy force in front of Catlett's Gap on the 16th, induced me to re-inforce Deshler's brigade at that Gap, by the whole of Breckinridge's division.

I was directed on the 17th, to move my corps at daylight, on the next morning in rear of Gen. Polk's corps towards Lee & Gordon's Mill. A demonstration was to be made at that point, by Gen. Polk, while the rest of the army should cross lower down on the Chickamauga. Cleburne's division was drawn up in line of battle at Anderson's house on the 18th, and Breckinridge's was sent to guard the crossing at Glass' Mill. Just before sundown, our cavalry pickets were driven away from Owen's ford, some miles above the Mill, and the enemy crossed over a considerable force. I hastened there in person with Adams' brigade, but the enemy did not advance upon it. The next morning, Adams' brigade was withdrawn to Glass' mill; and I determined to make a diversion at that point. Helm's brigade was crossed over and opened with ten guns upon the enemy. An examination of the ground subsequently showed that our fire was unusually accurate and fatal —the ground was still strewn with unburied men, and eleven horses lay near the position of the enemy's battery. Our loss was slight. In the afternoon, I received an order to report in person to the Com. General at Tedford's ford, and to hurry forward Cleburne's division, to the same point. Soon after Breckinridge was ordered to relieve Hindman at Lee & Gordon's Mill.

I found upon reporting to the Com. General, that while our troops had been moving up the Chickamauga, the enemy had been moving down and had thus outflanked us and had driven back our right wing.

Cleburne was ordered to take position on the extreme right and begin an attack. He did not get into position until after sun-down, but then advanced in magnificent style, driving the enemy back some three-fourths of a mile. He captured three pieces of artillery, a number of caissons, two stands of colors, and upwards of three hundred prisoners. His own loss was small, and fell chiefly upon Wood's brigade, which had to cross an open field, and encounter log breast works upon the opposite side of it. Capt. Semple and Lt. Key ran their batteries under cover of darkness to within sixty yards of the enemy's line, and opened with happy effect. The other batteries of the divison were placed by my direction on the right flank, so as to enfilade the enemy's line.

I have never seen troops behave more gallantly than did this noble division, and certainly I never saw so little straggling from the field.

The action closed between nine and ten at night, further pursuit in the darkness was not thought

advisable. After re-adjusting our line (considerably deranged by the fight) and conferring with Gen. Cleburne and each of the brigade commanders individually, I left at 11 o'clock to find Gen. Bragg at Tedford's ford, where the orders for the day, stated that his Head Qrs. would be. It was near five miles to the ford, but as I had no orders for the next day, I deemed it necessary to find the Com. General.

On my way, I learned from some soldiers, that Gen. Breckinridge had come up from Lee & Gordon's Mill. I dispatched Lt. Reid of my staff to find him, and conduct his division at once to Cleburne's right. About midnight, Lt. Col. Anderson, Adjt. Gen. reported that my corps had been placed under command of Lt. Gen. Polk, as wing commander, and that the Gen. wished to see me that night at Alexander's bridge (three miles distant.) I was much exhausted, having been in the saddle from dawn to midnight, and resolved to rest till three o'clock. At that hour, I went to Alexander's bridge, but failing to find the courier whom Gen. Polk had placed there to conduct me to his tent, I rode forward to the line of battle, which I reached a little after daylight on 20th. Gen. Breckinridge had not yet got into position, as Gen. Polk had permitted him to rest the night before on account of the wearied condition of the men. Repeated and urgent orders had been issued from the corps H'd. Q'rs., in regard to keeping rations for three days constantly on hand. But owing to difficulties and possibly to want of attention, some of the men had been without food the day before, and a division had its rations for that day unissued, but cooked and on hand. Orders were given for their prompt issue.

At 7 25 a. m., an order was shown me, just received from Lt. Gen. Polk and addressed to my division commanders and directing them to advance at once upon the enemy. The reason given for the issue of the order directly to them was that he (Gen. Polk,) had not been able to find the corps commander. I immediately replied to the note, saying that Brig. Gen. Jackson's brigade of his corps was at right angles to my line, that my men were getting their rations, and that they could finish eating while we were adjusting the line of battle. Gen. Polk soon after came on the field, and made no objection to this delay.

At 8 o'clock, Gen. Bragg himself came on the field, and I then learned for the first time that an attack had been ordered at daylight. However, the essential preparations for battle had not been made up to this hour, and in fact could not be made without the presence of the Commander-in-chief. The position of the enemy had not been reconnoitered, our own line of battle had not been adjusted, and part of it was at right angles to the rest, there was no cavalry on our flanks, and no orders had fixed the strength or position of the reserves. My own line had been arranged North and South, to correspond to the position of the enemy and be parallel to it. Cheatham's division was nearly, if not exactly at right angles to my line, and was pronounced to be right by the Commander-in-chief. This same division was subsequently discovered by Lt. Gen. Polk after the battle had begun, to be in rear of Gen. Stewart's division, and was taken out by him and placed in reserve. Moreover, Kershaw's brigade of McLaw's division was found to be between Stewart and Cheatham.

About 8½ a. m., a report came from the extreme right that a line of the enemy was extending across the Reid's Bridge road and nearly

at right angles to our line. Gen. Adams was directed to press back their line of skirmishers. This was handsomely done, and a personal reconnoisance made with Genl's Forrest and Adams proved that our line extended beyond that of the enemy, and that his flank was covered for a great distance by infantry skirmishers and that no cavalry was visible. During the night before, I had discovered the practicability of outflanking the enemy, and therefore placed Breckinridge on the right of Cleburne, so that he might turn the log breast-works, which the enemy could be heard working at, from the close of the action until after daylight. My corps was now the extreme right of our infantry force. Gen. Forrest had brought up his cavalry to guard our flank, and had dismounted a portion of it to act as sharp shooters. A general advance was ordered and as the right was to begin the action, Cleburne was directed to dress by Breckinridge.

As soon as the movement began, a staff officer was sent to Lt. Gen. Polk with a note, reminding him that the corps was in single line, without reserves, and if broken at one point, was broken at all points. Breckinridge advanced at 9½ a. m., with Adam's brigade on the right, Stovall's in the centre, and Helm's on the left. The enemy's skirmishers were driven back rapidly; and within about 700 yards, the left portion of the breast-works was encountered by Gen. Helm.—Two heroic efforts to take them were repulsed and that noble officer "ever ready for action," in the language of his division commander, "and endeared to his command by his many virtues, received a mortal wound, while in the gallant discharge of his duty."

The brigade was then withdrawn two hundred yards in the rear. This unfortunately left a gap in our line, which was the source of much trouble and disaster during the rest of the day, as the enemy was not slow to pour into the opening, and secure a position, from which he had a cross fire upon our troops attempting to swing round upon his left.

Learning that Gist's brigade was in our rear, I sent a staff officer to bring it up in all haste, to fill the gap made by Helm's withdrawal. The request was misunderstood, for instead of getting this single brigade from Gen. Walker, his two divisions came up, accompanied by Lt. Gen. Polk. The brigades of Walthall and Gist were then sent in, but there had elapsed something like an hour since the repulse of Helm, and the enemy was securely posted in the gap, and Walthall and Gist met with a front, and flank fire, which threw their brigades into confusion and drove them back precipitately.

Upon the repulse of Helm's brigade, Gen. Breckinridge had proposed and I had cordially approved a change of front of his two right brigades, so as to swing round on the flank and rear of the enemy's position. His account of the operations of these brigades, is as follows. "In the mean time, Adams and Stovall advanced steadily, driving back two lines of skirmishers. Stovall halted at the Chattanooga road. Adams after dispersing a regiment and capturing a battery, crossed at Glenn's farm and halted beyond in an open field. When Helm's brigade was checked and I had given Col. Lewis orders in reference to his new position, I rode to the commands of Adams and Stovall on the right. It was now evident from the comparatively slight resistance they had encountered, and the fact that they were not threatened in front, that our line had extended beyond the enemy's left. I at once ordered these brigades to change front perpendicularly to the original line of battle, and with the left of Adams

and the right of Stovall resting on the Chattanooga road, to advance upon the flank of the enemy. Slocomb's battery, which had previously done good service, was posted on favorable ground, on the west of the road to support the movement. The brigades advanced in fine order over a field and into the woods beyond. Stovall soon encountered the extreme left of the enemy's works, which retiring from the general North and South direction of his intrenchments extended Westwardly nearly to the Chattanooga road. After a severe and well contested conflict, he was checked, and forced to retire. Adams on the West of the road met two lines of the enemy, who had improved the short time to bring up reinforcements, and reform nearly at right angles to the troops in his main line of works. The first line was routed, but it was found impossible to break the second, aided as it was by artillery, and after a sanguinary contest, which reflected high honor on the brigade, it was forced back in some confusion. Here Gen. Adams, who is as remarkable for his judgment on the field as for his courage, was severely wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy. Lt. Col. Turner of the 19th, La., was wounded and the gallant Maj. Butler of the same regiment was killed. Stovall had gained a point beyond the angle of the enemy's main line of works. Adams had advanced still further, being actually in rear of his intrenchments. A good supporting line to my division at this moment would probably have produced decisive results. As it was, the engagement on our right had inflicted heavy losses on the enemy, and compelled him to weaken other parts of his line, to hold his vital point. Adams' brigade reformed behind Slocomb's battery, which repulsed the enemy, by a rapid and well directed fire, rendering on this occasion important and distinguished service."

The whole division now fell back to a ridge parallel to, and overlooking the Chattanooga road.

The faultiness of our plan of attack, was now but too apparent. Perhaps never before in the history of war, had an attack been made in a single line, without reserves or supporting force. It was still more unfortunate that our attack was directly in front, against breast-works. The important results, effected by two brigades on the flank, proved that had our army been moved under cover of the woods, a mile further to the right, the whole of the enemy's position would have been turned, and an almost bloodless victory gained. A simple reconnoissance before the battle would have shown the entire practicability of the movement, and the advantage to be gained by it.

But while Gen. Breckinridge had to encounter the difficulty of opposing two lines, with a single one, Gen. Cleburne had the still more difficult task of attacking breastworks along his entire front and of disentangling his troops, mixed up with those of the left wing, owing to the want of adjustment, (already alluded to,) of the line of battle, before the action began. After alluding to the check of his advance, by the fire from the breast-works, Gen. Cleburne adds, "passing towards the left at this time, I found that the line of advance of my division, (which was the left of the right wing of the army) converged with the line of advance, of the left wing of the army, the flanks of the two wings, had already come into collision,—part of Wood's brigade had passed over Bates' brigade, of Stewart's division, which was the right of the left wing; and Deshler's brigade, which was my left was thrown out entirely, and was in rear of the left wing of the army. I ordered Wood to move forward the

remainder of his brigade, opening at the same time in the direction of the enemy's fire with Semple's battery.

That part of Wood's brigade to the left of Lowry's regiment, and to the left of of the southern angle of the breast-works, in its advance at this time, entered an old field bordering the road, (Chattanooga-Lafayette,) and attempted to cross it in face of a heavy fire in its front; it had almost reached the road, its left being at Poe's house, (known as the burning house,) when it was driven back by a heavy oblique fire of small arms and artillery, which was opened upon both its flanks; the fire from the right coming from the south face of the breast-works, which was hid from view by the thick growth of scrub oak, bordering the field. Five hundred men were killed or wounded by this fire, in a few minutes. Upon this repulse, and Lowry's regiment also having been forced to retire, I ordered the brigade still further back to reform, Semple's battery, which had no position, I also ordered back.

I now moved Deshler's brigade by the right flank, with the intention of connecting it with Polk's left, so filling up the gap left in my centre, by the withdrawal of Wood. This connection, however, I could not establish, as Polk's left had in its turn been driven back also. Finding it a useless sacrifice of life for Polk to retain his position, I ordered him to fall back with the rest of his line, and with his and Wood's brigade, I took up a strong defensive position, some three or four hundred yards in rear of the point from which they had been repulsed. Deshler's brigade had moved forward towards the right of the enemy's advanced works, but could not go beyond the crest of a low ridge, from which Lowry had been repulsed. I therefore ordered him to cover himself behind the ridge and to hold his position, as long as possible. His brigade was now *en echelon*, about four hundred yards in front of the left of the division, which here rested for some time.

In effecting the last disposition of his command, Gen. Deshler fell—a shell passing fair through his chest. It was the first battle, in which this gentleman, had the honor of commanding, as a general officer. He was a brave and and efficient one. He brought always to the discharge of his duty, a warm zeal, and a high conscientiousness."

The whole corps had failed in its attack. Breckinridge had been compelled to fall back a short distance, and Cleburne still further after a heavy repulse. But the fierceness of their assault had a most important bearing upon the issue of the battle. It appears from the report of Gen. Halleck, that Rosecrans gave us the credit of having a plan of battle, and trying to seize the road, between him and Chattanooga. He believed that our forces were massed on his left, and he detached largely from his right, in order to secure his line of retreat. A gap was made by the withdrawal of an entire division, and Longstreet's troops passed through the opening. All the accounts of the enemy agree in this view of the battle.

A heavy pressure upon us, when first disordered by the repulse, might have been serious, but our left wing now came into action, and McCook and Crittenden were soon fleeing before the heroes of Manassas and Murfreesboro.

After our line had been reformed and the troops somewhat rested, I reported in person to Gen. Polk, and told him that I wished to renew the attack, when the gap between Breckinridge and Cleburne should be filled, and that not less than a brigade could fill it. He promised to have it filled and I learned that Brig. Gen.

Jackson's brigade was selected for that purpose. That officer however never occupied the gap, taking post opposite it, but far in rear. Gen. Polk had directed me to take charge of all the attacking forces, and Walker's corps was ordered forward, and advanced in beautiful order, and gained some important advantages; the Chattanooga road was once more seized, and our guns thundering in the enemy's rear. Unfortunately, the left had been disordered by the oblique fire from the unfilled gap, and the right brigade instead of being formed across the road was aligned parallel to it, and thus became exposed to an enfilading fire.

The forcing back of the enemy's right had thrown some of his troops with a battery to the Cloud house, in rear of the position gained by Walker's right, and his whole force was driven back. This second repulse from the Chattanooga road, though unfortunate, probably saved the troops occupying it from destruction; for that ever watchful officer Gen. Forrest reported to me soon after, that a heavy column of the enemy was coming from the direction of Chattanooga. His active scouts soon brought in some prisoners, who gave the information that Granger's corps was passing. Skirmishers were thrown out towards us and there was every indication of a flank attack. Preparations were made to meet it. Forrest's artillery aided by a section under Lt. Gracie opened upon the marching column, which however passed on. A portion of it went to the left of the corps, and advancing in column upon Cleburne was met with a storm of shot and shell and driven back in confusion.

It was now 3½ p. m., and Lt. Gen. Polk ordered a general advance. Some delay was occasioned by attempting to get the gap on our left filled by the brigade of Gen. Jackson; staff officer after staff officer having in vain been sent to him. Cheatham's division, which had been taken out of line by Lt. Gen. Polk and placed upon reserve, had been sent up to meet the supposed attack from Granger's corps. I directed Gen. Cheatham to make the advance, but learning from him that he came up as a support to Gen. Breckinridge, I turned over the order to advance to the latter officer, who responded with alacrity and his brave men sprang eagerly forward. Two brigades of Cheatham under the immediate command of that gallant officer went to the left of Breckinridge to establish connection with Cleburne. Gen. Forrest agreed to move forward and seize the Chattanooga road, while Breckinridge swept down it southward, and in rear of the breastworks.

As the whole line was moving forward a message was received from Gen. Cleburne that Brigadier Gen. Polk had carried the northwest angle of the enemy's works—the point where Helm, Walthall and Gist had been repulsed in the morning. Cleburne's account of this brilliant affair is:

"Capt. Semple, acting chief of artillery, (Maj. Hotchkiss being disabled by a wound received the day before,) selected position in front of the line, and placed his own and Douglass' battery within two hundred yards of the enemy's breast-works and opened a rapid and most effective fire, silencing immediately a battery which had been playing upon my line. About the same time, Brig. Gen. Polk charged and soon carried the north-western angle of the enemy's works, taking in succession three lines of breast-works.

In this brilliant operation, he was materially aided by Key's battery, which had again been moved by my orders to my extreme right and run into position by hand. A large number of prisoners, (regulars) was here taken.

The enemy abandoned his breastworks and retired precipitately. Brig. Gen. Polk pursued the enemy to the Chattanooga-Lafayette road, where he captured another piece of artillery."

Gen. Breckinridge's second attack was not attended with the insuperable difficulties of the morning assault. The left wing was driving the enemy everywhere. Brig. Gen. Polk had secured the troublesome angle of the breastwork. Forrest was thundering away on the right. Gen. Gist, of Walker's command, had worked his way to the enemy's rear, and Col. Govan, commanding Liddel's brigade of the same command, had seized the Chattanooga road. Gen. Breckinridge thus describes his successful advance.

"A line of troops on my right and covering a portion of my front, advanced at the same time. A portion of these troops obliqued to the right, and my line passed through the rest, who seemed to be out of ammunition, so that after moving a few hundred yards, the enemy alone was in my front. The division advanced with intrepidity, under a severe fire and dashed over the left of the intrenchments. In passing over them, I saw the right of Maj. Gen. Cleburne, whose brave division stormed the centre. Several hundreds of the enemy ran through our lines to the rear. The rest were pursued several hundred yards and beyond the Chattanooga road. Of these, some were killed and a good many were taken prisoners, but most of them escaped in the darkness. It was now night; pursuit was stopped by order of Gen. Hill and throwing out pickets, I bivouacked in line near the road."

The whole corps was halted in the Chattanooga road, and parallel to it. The darkness might cover a concealed foe in the thick wood in our front or it might lead to an engagement between the two wings of our army, as Longstreet was known to be pressing northward while the right was pressing southward, though his exact position was not known. A personal examination soon showed that there was no enemy in our immediate front, and Hood's division was found halted perpendicularly to the road and but a short distance from our left.—Scouts were sent out with orders to proceed a mile in our front.—They returned reporting no enemy to be found in that distance. Others were directed to go three miles, who made a similar report before daylight.

Never perhaps was there a battle, in which the troops, were so little mixed up and in which the organization was so little disturbed. The corps was ready to march or fight at dawn in the morning, with thinned ranks, it is true, but with buoyant and exultant spirits. The morning however was spent in burying the dead and gathering up arms. At 4 p. m., the corps moved towards Chickamauga and encamped after midnight near Red-house bridge. The next day (Tuesday) was spent in idleness. On Wednesday, the corps moved up directly towards Chattanooga, with what object is unknown, and perhaps ever will be.

The report has been made tediously long, in order to embrace points, which have been since the battle, the subjects of controversy. It has been thought best to refer to the action of divisions as described by their own commanders; and much regret is felt that I cannot do the like justice, by Maj. Generals Cheatham and Walker, temporariiy under my command, as their reports have not been submitted to me. No eulogy of mine can however add to the reputation of those veteran soldiers, or to that of their gallant commands. A like regret is felt in the case of Gen. Forrest, who though not under my command,

most heartily co-operated through the day, and rendered the most valuable service. I would ask no better fortune, if again placed on the flank, than to have such a vigilant, gallant and accomplished officer guarding its approaches.

Gen. Breckinridge claims the capture of nine pieces of artillery, which were removed and saved. He also took a large number of prisoners. He carried into action three thousand seven hundred and sixty nine (3769) men. Of these, he lost one hundred and sixty six (166) killed; nine hundred and nine (909) wounded, and one hundred and sixty five (165) missing. Among these, we have to mourn Brig. Gen. Helm, whose gallantry and loveliness of character had endeared him to every one; and Maj. R. C. Graves, chief of artillery of the division. "He had won eminence in arms, and gave promise of the highest distinction. A truer friend, a purer patriot, a better soldier never lived."

No tribute can do justice to "the unknown and unrecorded dead," most of them exiles from home and family,—men who had endured every hardship, trial, and privation for so long a period, but to find at last nameless graves. Uncheered by the world's applause and uninfluenced by the hope of distinction, they sacrificed ease, comfort, happiness, life itself, upon the altar of country.

Brig. Gen. Adams was for the third time severely wounded. It was difficult for me to decide, which the most to admire, his extraordinary judgment as an officer, his courage on the field, or his unparallelled cheerfulness under suffering.

Those intrepid officers Colonel Nickols 4th Ky., Col. Caldwell of the 9th Ky., Lt. Col. Turner and Maj. Butler of the 19th La., were wounded—the latter mortally.

Gen. Cleburne claims the capture of four pieces of artillery and his prisoners were very numerous. He carried into action five thousand one hundred and fifteen (5,115) officers and men. Of these in the two days fight two hundred and four (204) were killed, fifteen hundred and thirty nine (1,539) were wounded, and six are missing.

The entire casualties in the corps out of the eight thousand eight hundred and eighty-four (8,884) taken into action, are as follows.

| | |
|---|---|
| Killed, - - - - | 370 |
| Wounded, - - - | 2448 |
| Missing, - - - - | 172 |
| Total, - - - - | 2,990 |

The grateful duty remains of appropriately noticing those whose position, as well as gallantry, attracted attention. The division commanders behaved most nobly and exhibited all those high qualities so requisite in officers of their grade,—coolness, courage, judgment, and personal attention to small, as well as great matters. Gen. Breckinridge says of his brigade commanders, "to Brig. Gen. Stovall, to Col. Lewis, who succeeded to the command of Helm's brigade; to Col. R. L. Gibson, who succeeded to the command of Adam's brigade, the country, is indebted for the courage and skill with which they discharged their arduous duties."

Gen. Cleburne says, "I have already incidentally called attention to the gallant conduct of Brig. Gen. Polk, but it is due to him and to the country, which wishes to appreciate its faithful servants, to say that to the intrepidity and stern determination of purpose of himself and men, I was principally indebted for the success of the charge on Sunday evening, which drove the enemy from his breast-works, and gave us the battle. Col. Mills is entitled to be remembered also, leading his regiment through the battle until the fall of his brigadier—the lamented Deshler—he was called by seniori-

ty, to command the brigade, which he did with gallantry." The extraordinary merit of Col. B. J. Hill of the 20th Tennessee, came under my personal observation. This noble officer has been distinguished on many a hard fought field, and has been content with a subordinate position provided he can serve his country.

Col. M. P. Lowry has been deservedly promoted, and a worthier object of advancement could not have been selected.

Both division commanders speak in the highest terms of their staff officers.

My own staff at all times and under all circumstances rendered zealous, efficient, and intelligent service.

Maj. J. W. Ratchford, Captain West and Lt. Reid; who have been with me from the out-break of the war, exhibited their usual coolness and judgment on the field. The latter was severely wounded. Lt. Col. Anderson, A. A. G., whose services have been so invaluable to me as an adjutant, was equally efficient on the field. His horse was killed under him by nine balls. Lt. Col. Bondurant chief of artillery, wounded in McLe More Cove, was again on the field and ever at the post of duty.—Maj. Avery, Inspector General, Maj. Cross, A. A. G., and Maj. Duxberry, chief of ordnance, did their whole duty with zeal and fidelity. Lt. Morrison, A. D. C., a young and gallant soldier had his horse killed under him while aiding me in rallying some demoralized troops. Maj. Scherk, chief commissary, and Capt. Ewing, chief quartermaster, attended faithfully to their respective departments. Chief Surgeon A. R. Erskine, though, very unwell did not cease to attend to his wounded until the close of the battle. A more feeling and conscientious officer can seldom be found.

The denseness of the woods prevented Capt. Bain, signal officer, from rendering any service on the field, but all his previous reports were accurate and reliable.

Respectfully submitted.

D. H. Hill,
To Lt. Gen.
Lt. Gen. Polk,
Com'dg Right Wing.

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## A HERO'S DAUGHTER.

(M. C. L.)

She boasts no Amazonian charms,
Minerva's helmet never bound her;
And tho' she finds delight in arms,
'Tis—when her father's are around her.

She does not aim to make a mark,
Like Philippa—(as Froissart wrought her;)
She is no modern Joan D' Arc,
Like Garibaldi's wife or daughter.

And while there meets in her young veins,
Ancestral blood—the patriot's—sage's—

Whose fame, rung out in trumpet strains,
Goes gathering glory down the ages ;—

She is not proud, nor cold, nor grand ;
No haughtiness her tone evinces ;
Her heart is open as her hand—
Her hand is liberal as a prince's.

She does not awe you with her eye,
And yet its glance goes straightway thro' you,—
A latent fire to warm you by—
A steady, stellar light to woo you.

Her smile is like the golden day's,
Irradiating every feature ;
You catch its influence as you gaze,
And own—'she is a gracious creature'!

So genial her responsive mind,
With every varying mood agreeing,—
You wonder how she comes to find
The very key-note of your being.

Beneath her sparkling surface-flow,
The breezy freshness, and the laughter,—
Wells deep and strong, an undertow
Of rare and racy wisdom, after.

Sweet, fire-side graces all are her's ;
The *chatalaine* beside the bodice,
Is but one token that avers
She is a very household goddess !

Accepting with unmurmuring lips,
War's stern decree,—its griefs—its losses ;
And nobler thro' that blood-eclipse,
And stronger for its burdening crosses,—

She folds no hands in languid pause,—
Child of her father,—true to duty,
She weeps at heart, the dear, 'lost cause,'
Yet fills the busy hours with beauty.

*Her* heroism holds in view,
Our people's strife for life,—the lesser
Yet bitterer one !—There's work to do,
And well she does it : so—*God bless her !*

Lexington, Va. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

## PURITAN PECULIARITIES.

This book,* though put forth as the work of Dr. Craven of the U. S. Army, is in reality written by Major Halpine, better known in the literary world as Miles O'Reilly, into whose hands were placed the notes of the conversations purported to have been held by Mr. Davis with his medical attendant. It should also have borne on its title page the words, "founded on fact," sometimes prefixed to weak romances as a kind of apology for their want of interest, the reader being expected at sight of them to excuse the author's tameness by recollecting he might have been more endurable, but for his desire not to depart too far from the facts on which he has founded his fiction, and thus be forced to depend on his own unaided genius.

Mr. Davis is known by all the world to be a prisoner in the keeping of a brutal and tyrannical jailor, General Miles, at present in the U. S. Army, late a carpenter in the State of Massachusetts; a man utterly ignorant, not only of the most common-place courtesies observable between gentlemen, no matter what their relative positions may be—with which indeed we had no right to expect him to be conversant—but totally indifferent to, if acquainted with, the decencies of civilized life. Beside him, Dr. Craven shines as the good Samaritan, who constantly endeavours to pour oil and wine into the sufferer's wounds, and is as constantly prevented. His *pose* is a good one, and represents him as always acting as much like a gentleman, as we could reasonably expect from a man who could play the spy, in the character of a physician, and give to the world the sacred secrets which his profession placed in his possession. Were he really the kind hearted honorable gentleman he would have us believe him to be, his lips would have been sealed during Mr. Davis' life time at least, as to what he saw and heard; or at any rate opened only to speak for the prisoner's honor and advantage, and with his consent. The substantial kindness, which he showed Mr. Davis, makes us unwilling to believe that Dr. Craven would wantonly and maliciously misrepresent his words and actions; he seems a good hearted, vain man, who wishes to appear to advantage and make money by writing a sensational book, which will take with the masses. Enough of Gen. Miles' brutality, and Mr. Davis's suffering are revealed to gratify the Northern people, who would not have been pleased had the prisoner been treated like a gentleman, or a simple political offender; but the truth respecting "the prison life of Jefferson Davis" is no more told than if the writer drew altogether from his own imagination, and the newspaper sensationals.

The whole book is an artfully woven tissue of truth and falsehood. Mr. Davis' conversations, instead of being those of a cultivated gentleman, are dressed up in most fanciful style, and his words distorted and twisted, sometimes until they make him say just the reverse of what he really feels and believes, while not one-tenth of the indignities offered him by General Miles are revealed. We are told, that by Dr. Craven's persistence, the prisoner was removed to Carrol Hall, where the quarters formerly occupied by the officers on duty at the fort were fitted up for him, but we are not

* Dr. Craven's *Prison Life of Jeff. Davis.*

told that this fitting up consisted in turning one of the rooms into a cage, three sides of which are composed of iron bars from the ceiling to the floor, that out side of this cage pace three sentinels all night, and inside there is nothing but a very narrow iron bedstead, with one thin mattrass, a wooden stool, on which stands a basin and pitcher, and a table and a chair. We are told of Dr. Craven's exertions to get the prisoner's fare improved, and his meals sent to him at the hours when he could eat them, but we are not told that these meals were pushed through the bars of this cage by rude soldiers, with "Jeff, here's your dinner;" nor are we told that the officer of the day is ordered not to remove his hat when he is in Mr. Davis' presence, and the soldiers forbidden to salute him. Had Dr. Craven really intended to do Mr. Davis good by the publication of this book, he would not have concealed any of General Miles' persecutions of him, and would at least have consulted him before giving publicity to conversations, into which, he tells us, he purposely drew the prisoner to rouse him, when sinking under the prostration of disease. He obtained permission from Mrs. Davis to publish the first two letters she addressed him, which were simple enquiries respecting her husband's state, and, without her knowledge he added a third addressed to him—but in reality written for Mr. Davis only—a letter which no Southern woman can read without a thrill of sympathy and indignation at its exposure. The tears start to our eyes when we read little Maggie's grace, so expressive of the feelings of thousands of us when our fathers, husbands, and brothers were undergoing the horrors of Fort Delaware, Elmira, Johnson's Island, and other Federal prisons. We can appreciate Mrs. Davis' feelings when she says in a letter to a friend, "imagine my surprise when it appeared in print. All the letters are mis-printed, and the sense is almost lost, but my only complaint is that the whole of it was not so obscure, as to prevent the world from entering into my privacy." This is by no means the only time the author, whether Dr. Craven, or Major Halpine, has twisted words until he has perverted the sense. Speaking of Gen. David Hunter, he makes Mr. Davis say: "Hunter, of whom I asked him especially, was his beau ideal of the military gentleman, the soul of integrity, intrepidity—true christian piety—and honor. Mr. Davis had long been associated with him both in the service and socially, and believed Hunter's secrect of success due in a great measure to his unwillingness to bend to anything mean or sinister, he was rash, impulsive—a man of action rather than thought, yielding to passion, which he regarded as divine instincts, the natural temper of a devotee or fanatic."

Now did we not know that Mr. Davis really said, "as for Hunter, he is simply a brute. I once thought him a conscientious man, but that is past," we could by no amount of evidence be made to believe that Mr. Davis could ever utter praise like the above of a man whom he had, when President of the Confederate States, outlawed for his brutality to the Southern people. Why did not the author go on and make Mr. Davis at least excuse, if he did not approve of, Gen. Butler's course in New Orleans, and his order making knitting needles contraband of war in that place? He is quite as likely to do so as to praise Gen. Hunter, or to justify, as he is made to do in this book, the making of medicine a contraband of war. But General Butler is no longer a popular man and a place on his staff is not an object, so he is not lauded through Mr. Davis' lips.

But these are glaring falsehoods, the improbability of which will strike any reader, who thinks for one moment that one of the characteristics of Mr. Davis as a public, as well as a private man, was the pertinacity with which he clung to an opinion once formed and expressed. What we complain most of in this tissue of truth and fiction, is that the author shades the brilliancy of Mr. Davis' character as a man, as well as the lamps placed in his bed room: we can excuse the concealment of some of "the secrets of his prison house." Perhaps the author was ashamed to tell them, he seems indeed to have sufficient gentlemanly feeling to do so. Perhaps the words, he puts into Mr. Davis' mouth respecting the shameful act of shackling, are the expression of his own sentiments. We hope so, for as we said before we are anxious to think as well of Dr. Craven as we possibly can; but not for one moment do we believe in the truth of his picture which represents Jefferson Davis as weeping over the shame inflicted on *him*, and *his* country, by the brutality of his enemies. He knew too well that although the suffering was his, the shame would forever cling, not to the immediate perpetrator of the act, General Miles, but to the authorities who ordered it. Shame to Mr. Davis or the South from any act committed by the government of the United States or its agents! Never! We never had occasion to blush for Mr. Davis when he was "our President," and now, in our bitter humiliation and bondage, we can still proudly point to him in his iron cage as our representative man. Every brutal indignity offered him strikes at the great Southern heart, and is intended so to strike by its perpetrators. He bears all with the dignified composure of the christian gentleman, conscious that it is not in the power of mortal man to degrade, or bring him to shame, while he is true to himself. He has done nothing in which the Southern people, women, as well as men, have not participated to the best of their ability; and "he bears his sufferings as only one other has ever done, one whom he resembles, in that he bears in his own person the sins of us all."

It would have been impossible for a man of strong character to hold the position Mr. Davis did, for four years without meeting with bitter opposition, but the hearts even of those who denounced his policy as ruinous to the cause of the South, must, if they still beat for that "lost cause," thrill with indignation at the cruel and insulting treatment he receives, and he stands to day higher in the opinion of his opponents, and the affection of his friends than ever before. Slanders against his public character, history will vindicate, and the South can hear with composure. We are no more annoyed on hearing from Dr. Craven that when Secretary of War he disposed the U. S. Troops and arms with a view to the "late rebellion," than we were at the charge of his conspiring against the life of Mr. Lincoln. There is about as much truth in the one as there is the other. Mr. Buchanan has cleared Mr. Davis of the first charge most honourably, and the conspiracy story must go down before the most careless examination; we can therefore bear to hear of its circulation with equanimity and are even indifferent whether it is believed or not, by the world at large for the nine days that Dr. Craven's book will be a wonder. It is like the report of the half million of dollars which he carried off from Richmond, we shrugged our shoulders and wished he had had it to carry off, but our blood boiled when we were further told that he was taken disguised as an old woman in a hooped skirt, and wadded hood, and

plaintively exclaimed he "did not know that the United States warred on defenceless women and children." Perhaps the Federal officer who gave us this bit of information had some reason to complain of the sharpness of one Southern woman's tongue, when we retorted "dont you think that four years experience should have taught him that the United States *did* war on defenceless women and children?"

Slanders like these are the musquito bites that fret the shackled giant, and in such a light only can we view Dr. Craven's "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis."

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## REGULUS.

I.

Have ye no mercy? Punic rage
Boasted small skill in torture, when
The sternest patriot of his age,
—And Romans all were patriots then—
Was doomed with his unwinking eyes,
To stand beneath the fiery skies,
Until the sun-shafts pierced his brain,
And he grew blind with poignant pain,
While Carthage jeered and taunted. Yet,
When day's slow moving orb had set,
And pitying Nature—kind to all—
In dewy darkness bathed her hand,
And laid it on each lidless ball,
So crazed with gusts of scorching sand,—
They yielded,—nor forbade the grace,
By flashing torches in his face.

II.

*Ye* flash the torches!—Never night
Brings the blank dark to that worn eye:
In pitiless, perpetual light,
*Our* tortured Regulus must lie!
Yet tropic suns seemed tender: they
Eyed not with purpose to betray:
No human vengeance, like a spear
Whetted to sharpness keen and clear,
By settled hatred, pricked its way,
Right thro' the blood-shot iris! Nay,
Ye have refined the torment! Glare
A little longer through the bars,
At the bay'd lion in his lair—
And God's dear hand, from out the stars,
To shame inhuman man,—may cast
*Its* shadow o'er those lids, at last,
And end their aching, with the blest
Signet and seal of perfect rest!

Lexington, Va. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

## SOUTHERN HOMESTEADS.

### VAUCLUSE.

"There's a magical Isle in the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing,—
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying."

I could desire the present sketch to be devoid of all sentimentalism such as not unfrequently grows out of a detail of personal, family reminiscences; for Vaucluse,—rich in historic interest, as the birth-place and residence of Judge Abel P. Upshur, one of Virginia's most nobly-gifted sons,—needs not the extraneous and questionable adornment of fancy flights, or the stereotyped maudlin musings upon times and things now passed away forever.

Even a dim etching of Judge Upshur's career as jurist, politician, statesman, comes not, it is obvious, within the province of the present writer;—to the historian's pen be all these accorded, while herein is assumed the less ambitious task of depicting faithfully, in mono-chromatic sketches, something of domestic and social life at Vaucluse in the palmy days of Old Virginia hospitality.

Having premised thus much, something,—policy, perhaps,—bespeaks indulgence for chance transgressions in the way of that sin, at the outset deprecated, the present writer, being no more proof against such, than many other gossiping chroniclers.

Around an old family seat, birth and death,—laughter and mourning,—bridal-wreath, and funeral-yew, are so closely and intimately intertwined and blended, that it is frequently difficult to select what will be of most interest to the general reader; and the present narrator, looking upon the past's pictured page foresees, that at times a too prolonged gaze at some favorite scene may incur the charge of tediousness, from those less peculiarly interested, and whom these pages may have failed to imbue with the desired sympathy, in their own sentiments of pathos or pleasure.

But truce to preface, and if I might but borrow a tithe of the charm so witchingly set forth, in every minute detail of that prince of gossips, Pepys, I shall have happily accomplished my work, albeit not in an atmosphere of courts and titles.

Vaucluse was the homestead of the Northampton branch, of "the Upshur family" who, according to the historian of "39, or thereabout, had lived upon the eastern shore two hundred* years, cultivating the soil and adorning society." It was built by the father of Judge Upshur, but was subsequently much enlarged and improved by the latter,—is situated upon Hungar's creek, about three miles from its mouth, and was, in the years not so very long agone, the loveliest spot in all that beautiful wave-girdled garden,—the eastern shore of Virginia.

When I say lovely, I do not speak of architectural effect—a prettily-constructed wooden building, tasteful in design, faultlessly kept, there was genial home-beauty, in every line and angle of its capacious and hospitable proportions, —beside that un-transiatable *je ne sais quoi*, which marked it as the residence of the Old Virginia gentry.

* Howe's Hist. Va.

Far as the field-gate,—the farthest point from which, in front, the white outlines were dimly visible through grand old shade-trees —there seemed to be wafted out to the approaching guest, a weird atmosphere, suggestive of the cheer and charm within. These were not belied upon nearer approach. Who was ever received by the aristocratic, nay, courtly old servant—Davy Rich—and read not "welcome!" in his very gesture? Why, every wag of old Cossack's tail as he arose from his mat at the front door, and shook his black, but gray-besprinkled fleece, said "welcome! and a happy sojourn with us!"

Poor old dog!—Uncle Davy, whose especial charge he was, laid him away in a decent grave of his own digging, long ere the days of the broken household.

The Vaucluse house was of that some time popular outline indicated by the letter L, the shorter portion of the letter projecting front on the left hand, this formed a chain of pantries, butler's-closets, store-rooms,—culminating in the kitchen, the special domain of old black Phebe,—queen of cooks, whom, in my mind's eye I see, as in days of yore, presiding with her "slice" sceptre in hand.

At the extreme right of the dwelling was the study, or "office,"—its books upon books, within, its climbing rose without, and the interval between this and the other extreme of the house a succession of vine-clad porches,—transept windows peeping through floral and leafy curtains,—greenturf and shrub and flowering tree.

I see,—how plainly!—the open entrance-hall or passage with its paper in gray wreath-panneling, bordered in the old style with rich, crimson, full-blown roses, with their half-opened buds and deep-green leaves in velvet paper. I see the broad stairway,—easy of ascent, on the left hand, entering,—the dining-room further on upon the same side,—its paper of cerulean blue, with carpet to match, and upon its walls, facing each other, the portraits of two—"lovely and pleasant in their lives." Two devoted friends,—Com. George P. Upshur and William Kennon, U. S. N. They are painted in lieutenant's uniform. It was a piece of their innocent, youthful vanity, I have heard, to deafen themselves to all the oft-urged solicitations for these portraits until "promotion" came. The former breathed out his latest day on duty, in Spezzia, but his remains were gathered unto his fathers in the Vaucluse burial-ground. The original of the other picture preceded his friend many years upon the dusty highway, and his ashes lie, if I mistake not, at Norwood, his home in Powhatan county.

On the right hand front, opened the parlor, and this again into an apartment of like size,—"the library," by way of distinction, but then, parlor, chambers, halls, all were libraries here.

I see heavy folios,—ponderous tomes of history and science. I see poetry, and all the arts represented, and read, as of old—within the cover, the familiar printed label:—

ABEL P. UPSHUR,
Virginia.

*Legere et non intelligere perdere opus.*

There were rows and rows of volumes, quaint, curious, and valuable beyond price, and like the fragrance of some flowers I have known, the aroma of that library will ever, now and then haunt me, a sort of gentle presence,—a faint, antique, indescribable odor,—a spiritual exhalation,—(who shall say?) from the remains of the mighty dead enshrined there.

I am not speaking figuratively, but in the commonplace and actual, of a literary atmosphere.—

Let us go through the parlors,—or libraries—observing *en passant* their pale gray-tinted walls with rose cornices like the hall. Out by the back porches with their twining coral woodbine and white jessamine,—the former, in warm weather, invariably the resort of those tantalizing humming-birds. Out upon the lovely garden breathing its odors of a thousand flowers, for a view of the beautiful sheet of water in front and extending far away to the right hand, into the Chesapeake. In the same direction, approached by an ornamental gateway leading from the garden, is Little Neck Point with its orchard-grass and superb oaks, presenting to view a very English-looking pleasure ground.

Away down on "The Point" stands a rustic seat under a clump of holly and oaks, and on some of the former are carved the names of ladies and their lovers,—family names and those of visitors.

A little cove and glen separate "Little Neck" and "Great Neck,"—which latter is the terminus, in that direction, of the Vaucluse plantation, as also of "Church Neck," a peninsula about four miles in length, commencing at the venerable edifice* from which the "Neck" takes its name.

Royal sunsets are to be seen from Great Neck Point. Old Chesapeake in high wintry winds tosses and tumbles her giant billows, and each separately reflecting the day-god's parting glance, you cannot say if they are crowned with foam or fire. Gold, purple, crimson, glow in the illuminated expanse, and in the magical blending of wave and sky, we cannot determine if the quenched orb has gone down to burnish the billow or absorbed it into itself. The soughing of the blast along the sand-beach and among the giant pines calls landward again.

Back to the house and that enchanted garden with its broad squares of turf be-studded here and there with ornamental trees,—its stately antique-looking Lombardy poplars, each with its bird-house nailed high up the trunk, where Matron Wren or Sparrow, might keep her callow brood unmolested by juvenile raiders.—Little slate-topped, white-bodied domiciles they were, with tiny, make-believe chimneys,—and on the left hand of the front walk—on which, beyond the reach of hostile, Shermanizing cat—commissary stores in the shape of egg-bread were supplied each morning, either by Judge Upshur, or his vicegerent, Uncle Davy, stood Birdie's table.

Roses? The very breath of Atar Gul went sighing through this garden, and Cashmere's Vale, I believe, presented no such variety of this Queen of Flowers. Three hundred kinds flourished in the Rosery and on the borders,—but all the beauties of the parterre were represented, almost to the remotest species of each, and my article must not be a Floral Catalogue.

Down the garden to the creek, through by the cedar trees. Under them is a long bench to rest if you've a mind. Down the steps, if you please. There is a descent of about sixty feet,—then there is a pier some forty or fifty feet long,—then the bathing house, where is (or was) to be had, the most luxurious of salt-water-baths.

Only a few yards from the pier and there is an eminently picturesque feature in the fair landscape,—the quaint figure of Uncle Jim Weston, the old negro coachman, seated in his canoe,—more popularly "*cooma*," a crusty-looking, sunbaked straw hat upon his head, and drawing in with hook and line, the finest sheepshead and hog-fish that ever were seen.

*Hungar's Church, built in colonial times.

Up this high flight of steps again,—if you are not weary of my eccentric ups and downs—and over there to the right, some squares from the ascent, is one matted with tangled weeds and vines;—rank grass grows there and luxuriant trees make daylight dim. When a child, the present writer approached this spot with whisperings and an impromptu banishing of mirth, for here gleam gravestones cold and old,—and some too, new comparatively.—Among the former lie the parents of him, who was master of Vaucluse, when I knew it first.

In these rooms, or some of them, to which we have given a cursory glance, used to figure, as I have been told, those stately dames, our grandmothers, both in their maidenly and matron beauty.—Powdered hair, crape cushions, high-heeled, spangled shoes, and those traditional brocades which "stood alone," were in all their glory then,—for the song and the dance went round then as after, and attraction never failed here, for the refined, the erudite,—the thorough-bred lady and gentleman.

Fine society could Church Neck boast at one time,—within its own confines. Adjoining Vaucluse was Pear Plain, the residence of Col. Littleton Upshur, an elder brother of the Judge,—a gentleman of high intellectual attainments, who at one time represented his county in the Legislature, and whose reputation for benevolence spread far and wide through all the country round.

Chatham, three miles farther on, was the elegant home of Gen. Pitts, father of the present Judge of the Superior Court for the Fifth District of Va. At the Glebe, about the same distance from Vaucluse, lived the Rector of Hungars Parish, Rev. Simon Wilmer, father of the Rt. Reverend Bishops of Alabama and Louisiana, respectively.

Your correspondent could not come to Vaucluse, mentally or in *propria persona*, without flitting about the hall and chambers above, and glancing out upon the upper portico matted with Macrophylla foliage and white roses, and back, within, at the familiar but mythic animals upon the walls, Griffins, I believe,—and then some impossible creations with horses' heads, and necks proudly arched, but scaly bodies, with fins and fishes tails:—heathen goddesses, beside,—"ladies" we used respectfully to call them.

But,—charm above all other charms! I cannot pass by, without the tribute of a quotation, at least one article to which I confess myself largely indebted for days of delight:—

"Vaucluse,—sweetest of Dreamland! In my earliest days one highly-favored spot hereabout was a dimly lighted, almost dark garret room containing a "retired" piano-forte, which had belonged to Judge Upshur's mother, and around which, we little children, with our black mammys, used to throng delighted.

I would not like to know, now, exactly how that superannuated instrument sounded,—and this upon the same principle that inspired Rousseau to shun in after life a complete copy of a simple village-ballad, certain detached verses of which had charmed his ear in early youth.

I am unable to say what the influence then was,—whether the subdued light,—the musical(?) notes, the general romantic surroundings of Vaucluse,—but there was a weird state of existence engendered then and there, upon which, far as serene enjoyment goes, no strain of Strakosch or Ole Bull, with Steinway or Eigen-

brandt to back them, has ever wrought improvement."

Here are figures moving hither, thither,—for it is Summer, or Spring,—the gay season on the Eastern Shore.

There are groups about the passages, on the porches,—in parlor, library,—dining-room, as inclination suggests.

In the parlor, beside the centre-table, sits a guest, a sunny hearted old lady, doing some very nice sewing. On the table, among other curiosities and relics, is an open book, upon whose pages lie a pressed branch of cypress. It was gathered from the tomb of Laura by Com., then Lieut. Geo. P. Upshur, previously mentioned herein. A young man of the company took up the dried plant, observing,—"This then waved above her rest, whose lover sleeps

'In a tomb in Arqua.'"

"I would not barter *this* Vaucluse for the charms of Petrarch's Italian Villa," answered the old lady, "the sweet purity of domestic life, of *Old Virginia life*, breathed out in a terrene Paradise such as this, I consider as the acme of earth's beatitudes." It was Harry Gilmor's grandmother who spoke; she was a great aunt of Mrs. Judge Upshur, and was by birth and rearing a Virginian.

Here flit other figures familiarized with these surroundings.—County-people who can boast the oldest genealogies in the State,—that is, if they please to boast thereof. Here are the Donnells from Baltimore;—the Banckers, the Chanceys, the Cadwalladers of Philadelphia.

Here sits, at his favorite game of chess, Professor St. George Tucker, Professor of Law in old William and Mary, Judge Upshur's most intimate friend.

How this gentleman, (Judge T.) opened my juvenile eyes by asserting that he had never known a woman spell "separate," at first trial,—she always wrote it, he said, "seperate." Up to that time, I had supposed that "grown up" people were born knowing everything.

A few days subsequently, and on a boating excursion, setting out from the pier elsewhere mentioned, the Judge repeated passages from "The Corsair" and declared that to have written the first four lines of that poem he would be willing to be dead. The *deathless* can afford to be prodigal thus.

The blessed old Bishop of Virginia, the venerable and Right Reverend William Meade, a quondam class-mate of Judge Upshur at Yale, never made his Pastoral visit to this section of his diocese without a longer or shorter sojourn at Vaucluse, and never came hither without holding a long conversation,—theological and evangelical—with pious Uncle Davy, of whom he was very fond. Uncle Davy was a well-read man himself, having "Clarke's Commentaries," the "Life of Dr. Adam Clarke" and such lore, at his fingers' ends.

Years after, when the old homestead had passed into other hands, and this faithful old domestic had almost lived out the freedom bequeathed him by his master,—when his intelligent mind had become but the *debris* of its former self, a gentleman, a friend of the family, found him traveling on foot not many miles from Baltimore. He had come from Washington, where of late years his home had been.

The gentleman accosted him kindly and asked where he was going that way.

"Going down home to my master," was the reply,—promptly but feebly.

"It was touching," said the gentleman, "to observe the strange, vacant expression of his countenance. I remembered him a happy Virginia slave, respectable, respectful,—and most highly respected, presiding with grace

over subordinate servants and the whole domestic *ensemble* of Vaucluse hospitality,—and again, gracing the appointments of Diplomatic and Cabinet dinners during Secretary Upshur's residence in Washington."

Uncle Davy's words were prophetic. But a few short weeks, and he went *home to his master*,—not, however, to the old Eastern Shore home he was seeking.

Moonlight upon Vaucluse.—And I believe that on one other place, alone, of all the earth, it shone as brightly as there.

Upon the broad Hungars' waters, stretching far out to the bay, wavelets, in their shimmer and sheen seem liquid diamonds, each facet reflecting supernal light.—The white-winged craft, which by day dotted the waters have nestled away in their moorings, but another, and another, and yet another canoe, punt, or batteau shows its torch-light here and there,—beacon of destruction, kindled by some plantation negro for beguilement of dazzled mullets,—or "fatbacks," as the local term is,—the lightwood-knot being a popular means of alluring them when weirs and seines are inaccessible.

I recollect such nights, when there were gay groups and silvery laughter from the shore, the bath-house pier, and the garden heights above, and there are phosphorescent flashes from the water where Beppo, the big black Newfoundland, jumps in to "fetch" the sticks thrown for him.

There are guests at the house on some such occasion, and in some of the days of their sojourn is hauled about an Album belonging to one of the ladies,—Miss ——, of Northampton, a lovely and valued relative, wherein are written,—signed "A. P. Upshur," the following lines:

In heathen story, we are told
The tuneful Nine are never old,
In heathen verse, 'tis sweetly sung
The tuneful Nine are ever young.

And hence it is, in reason plain
Why still they look with cold disdain
On aged wooers, who incline
To worship at their glowing shrine.

Lady, I feel their withering frown,
For fifty winters o'er me flown
Have left their frost and chilling snow
Upon my bare and furrowed brow.

I cannot wake the tuneful lyre,
Its chords a steadier hand require,
Nor will they yield one note divine
To such a trembling touch as mine.

Another duty calls me now,
Another altar claims my vow,
And bowing lowly, meekly there,
Be this my wish and this my prayer:—

His blessing rest upon thy head!
His influence o'er thy heart be spread!
His choicest gifts to thee be given,—
Of peace on earth and rest in Heaven!

Vaucluse, 1841.

This lady bore the same maiden name as his mother.

In the quiet home days there was reading, a great deal of it,—conversation, music,—domestic affairs most conscientiously and exactly managed, and there was, on Judge Upshur's part, enthusiastic devotion to the education of his daughter and only child, whose name was to her latest day a synonym for all things holy and beautiful and of good report in the character of woman. I spoke of reading. I remember, some winter nights, at Vaucluse, when I was wont to get sleepy very early, seeing the ladies of the household form themselves in a circle by the bright fire to hear Shakspeare or some of the other poets read, and though I can claim no precocious appreciation of Avon's immortal bard, yet I would sit up with the best of them, charmed by the beautiful cadence,—the mellifluous tones of the reader. Very well, though, do I recollect one occasion on which a faint speck of inspiration seemed to find its way to me, though it may have been only sympathy with the weeping listen-

ers to King Lear. It was the closing of the Fifth act, the conversation between the old white haired king and his daughter Cordelia. The ladies had their handkerchiefs, to their eyes—but whatever was due to this circumstance, I am very sure I have never heard the mere sound of words speak so much since.

The "office," was the sanctum, from whence were sent forth valued contributions to various literary enterprises. Thence came the able Review of Judge Story's work, upon the merits of which, forensic criticism has pronounced encomiums rarely transcended in the department of legal literature. Here also were prepared, in more leisure moments, essays for the "Southern Literary Messenger" then in its palmy days,—T. W. White, Esq., as its conductor, and numbering among its other illustrious contributors, such men as Judge Beverly Tucker, and Thomas R. Dew,—also a Professor of William and Mary College.

In 1841, in the early days of President Tyler's administration, the family removed from Vaucluse, as its master was summoned to the position of Secretary of the Navy,—subsequently, to that of Secretary of State; so, from thence up to the period of that sad catastrophe which terminated his career, Vaucluse came to be a summer resort instead of the home it had been,—which character, however, it re-assumed, indeed,—continuing therein until the marriage of his daughter, and at intervals afterward, until it passed into other hands, whither the present pen declines to follow, being no morbid feeder upon iconoclasms.

Some considerable time had elapsed after the final breaking up, when one,—since sainted,—casually referred to in these pages thus wrote the present writer:—

"Poor old Aunt A.—, (one of the old family servants,) is living yet, and *hones* after you all, and *Virginny*, I believe almost as much as I do. * * * *
I fall into this train of thought and feeling with you: for the old home is peopled again with living forms, and gentle voices are ringing in my ear, and I turn to life anew and wonder how it is that I live on and on, while all other things are passing so swiftly."

My labor of love is ended.—Poorly, inadequately performed, I am painfully sensible. Much might have been recorded better worthy of preservation, and reproduction,—and perhaps, too, incidents have been dilated upon which had been as well tacitly consigned to oblivion. The would-be Artist has idealized but little, if, indeed, at all, and the work, such as it is, respectfully submitted,—not, however, without a lingering, loving gaze thereafter.

There is, to me at least, a charm about those pictures, as they hang in the halls of Memory,—the glowing originals from which these are copied, and I love to think about them—write about them, and even now, while these landscapes pass from my hand to the public,

"There breathes a living fragrance
from the *shore*,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood,"

warming them anew into life and reality.

FANNY FIELDING.

## HOSPITAL SKETCHES.

NUMBER I.

It was during the first year of the war, while the Confederate army was about E—, that I offered my services as nurse, in the Hospital in F.— The number of sick, who were brought in each day was so large that all persons, who were willing to assist, found immediate employment, whether experienced nurses or otherwise. It seemed as if the knowledge came to us, as it was needed, for in all my experience in the different hospitals, I never saw one case of shrinking on account of ignorance—each one felt that in doing their duty faithfully, they would be helped in the time of trial. The patients were principally those with low fevers—but it was strange to notice how differently, the same type of fever, would affect different men. Some would be brought in apparently convalescent—except, for an unnatural brightness about the eye, and an occasional wandering in conversation—such cases were almost always fatal. Others we would see looking, as if they had scarcely life in them—wasted and haggard, to the last degree, but often these would be the very cases to recover.

I remember one bright beautiful Sunday afternoon, I was sitting by the bedside of one of the patients, reading, when we heard shouting, and an unusual excitement in the street. It proved to be Col. R—'s regiment of cavalry from North Carolina, which was on its way to the front. The sick man begged that I would raise his head, so he might see the "boys" as he called them. He had scarcely seen them before he uttered an exclamation, and tried to get from his bed and reach out of the window. I endeavored to quiet him, and asked what it was he wanted. He could only repeat the words "there he is—I saw him—I saw him." I found I could not control him, and having called one of the male nurses to assist me, we at last prevailed upon him to lie down. After he had recovered from the fainting caused by the great exertion he had made, he looked around him, and asked "where is he?" and then taking my hand begged that I would let him see "Harry." I thought he had become suddenly worse, and sent immediately for the Surgeon.

As soon as he saw the patient, he said he was laboring under some great excitement, but he thought it was from some external cause and not from the fever. The man still repeated the cry—"let me see Harry—*let* me s e e him!" To soothe him, I said, "very well, you shall see Harry, but you must try and go to sleep." I then gave him a composing draught, and hoped on his awakening, he would have forgotten the cause of his excitement, or would be able to tell us more about it. I could not think he had *really* recognized any one in the N. C. regiment, as *he* was from another State.

It was now quite late, and I was obliged to leave him,—thinking he would sleep quietly all night and I should find him much better in the morning. On my way to the hospital, the following day, I met one of his friends coming up for me. Before I had time to ask any questions he said, "Oh Mrs. ——, do come as quick as you can to poor Roberts, he is mighty bad off; says he is going to die but he must see you first."

Knowing how ignorant persons magnify any change of symptoms, I said I hoped he was mistaken, and that Roberts was not so "bad

off," as he thought. "Indeed he is,"—he replied,—"I see it in his face, he is *bound* to go now." I hurried on with a sad heart, but still hoping for the best—every one I met on my way to the ward told me the same thing, that Roberts was "going fast."

I remember I had a bunch of flowers in my hand, which I had brought him, thinking it would cheer him to see anything so bright and beautiful; but I never gave them to him. On reaching his bedside I found he was dying—so I laid them at his feet and they were buried with him in his coffin. As soon as he saw me approaching, his whole face lighted up and he said, "there she is"—but in an instant his countenance fell, and he sank back murmuring—"but Harry's not with her." I took his hand and tried to make him notice me, but it was in vain. He only spoke once more, and that was when the surgeon had ordered that very hot water should be put to his feet, to try and bring about reaction—he said "it is a dead man they are working on—make them let me alone," and then taking my hand in his added, "take care of Harry, wont you?"

In a few moments, he had breathed his last; and I was left with the words "take care of Harry" ringing in my ears. And how was I to do it? Should I look for him in the regiment that had passed by,—or was he still in the town? I felt as if I was willing to take any step to fulfil my patient's last request; for never in my life have I met with a braver or more noble heart than his, and if the spirits of the departed are allowed to know what is passing here—*he* knows how—"I took care of Harry."

E.

## ÆSOP AGAIN.

A Parable to prove it true,
Old Wisdom is as good as new.

A Lamb one morning, on the brink
Of a brooklet, stooped to drink.

A Wolf, *above*, on mutton bent,
Assailed that hapless innocent.

"Vilest of varlets! dare you dream,
The while I drink, to rile the stream?"

Quoth Lamb, "how can I rile it, till
The stream you mention runs up hill?"

"Ha! caitiff! by your speech I know
You bit my Father, years ago!"

"How *could* I bite him?" Lamb replied,
"Ere I was *born*, your Father died."

"Base miscreant! you mean I lie!
Now one, or both of us must die!"

The Lambkin died no doubt, but I've
A "notion" that the Wolf's alive!

And Logic, with a Lamb in sight
Doth not impair his appetite.

T.

## ADELE ST. MAUR.

### CHAPTER XX.

The house of the bishop, who was the spiritual guide of the Benjamin family, was situated on the Southern portion of the plateau occupied by the church buildings. It was a large, irregular building, surrounded with shrubberies, and gardens—looking inexpressibly sweet and home-like. The west wing was larger than the other portion and was occupied by widows and orphans and aged people, who had no one to support them. Their rooms were as spacious, airy and clean, as to be found anywhere. In the center of the building below was a handsome entrance hall, and back of this was the refectory, with a long row of windows opening upon a finely kept lawn. The eastern wing was occupied by the bishop's family. The bishop's family consisted of his wife and three beautiful daughters, Rebecca, Anna and Mary. Adele was particularly charmed with their graceful manners and pure, lovely faces. The young girls undertook to show the church buildings to the travelers, and the first building examined was the treasury. It was a richly stored magazine—the first room they visited was the room where the first fruits were offered. A young deacon received them. What a luscious display! Pomegranates and figs, peaches and grapes, melons and pineapples, (the latter from their conservatories.) "Why" exclaimed Millie, "who could ever eat such a quantity of fruit?"

"It is for the bishops and deacons, the widows and orphans, the poor and the strangers" answered the young deacon.

"I have never seen finer specimens of each variety of fruit" remarked Adele, "just see, Mrs Cecil—those grapes surpass anything our graperies produce in England. You must have a remarkable soil sir" she added to the young deacon.

"Our soil, when properly cultivated, yields surprisingly, but the beauty of these specimens, does not give you a correct idea of the general produce, which is much inferior to this. Our people always select the best of everything, for the Lord's table.

Charlie Mowbray was listening intently, and he now exclaimed, "But the Lord does not eat those things, does he?"

"No, my darling," said his mother "but do you not remember our Savior says," "Inasmuch as ye have given unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have given unto me." When we feed and clothe the poor and relieve the sick, God accepts it, as though these services were rendered to him in person."

Charlie drew a long breath, and presently hid his face in his mother's dress and sobbed.

"What is the matter with my pet?" asked the devoted mother. "Oh mamma, when little Jack Hare was sick last winter, I did not like to stop playing to carry the fruit to him, which you sent—I did not remember that to serve him was to serve Christ."

"But you will remember it in future my love," said his mother. "And I hope God will give you a long life, in which to serve Him by serving your fellow beings."

They now visited the granary, where the tithes of grain were stored and then the oil room where the delicious produce of the olive was gathered—and then descended into the wine vaults, which were paved with stone, beautifully kept

and lined with casks—the produce of their vineyards.

The young deacon said—"These things are chiefly for the bishops and deacons. God promised them thus "All the *best* of the oil, and the *best* of the wine, and of the wheat, and whatsoever is first ripe in the land, have I given unto thee;"—and—"Even so (i. e. in the same manner) hath the Lord ordained that whosoever preacheth the gospel shall live of the gospel."

Sir Alfred turned to his grandson and said smiling. "If the clergy of England and Scotland were supplied with tithes and fruits of the best, Great Britain yielded, they would live in so lordly a style that the profession would be soon overstocked."

"That difficulty is avoided" said the deacon "by our bishops *selecting* their successors, and keeping the ratio the same as the Levites bore to the Israelites.—We believe that our Savior introduced no new form of government, or church polity, but vitalized and perfected the old."

From the treasury, they went to the college for young men. This was a noble building, not materially different from English colleges, however, except in the baths. A strong deep stream of pure water poured through a marble acqueduct, the whole length of the northern wall of the building, and above this stream were several hundred bathing rooms, each supplied with every necessary toilette appurtenance.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Dr. Inglis is seated in his study, on Saturday evening, when his niece Ellen enters, with a somewhat perturbed countenance, "Uncle" said she abruptly, "did I not hear you say that Ignatius Loyala was a single-eyed, whole-souled, Christian?"

"Softly—softly—my love—you quite mistake—I only said he was a whole-souled, single-eyed man. So was Alexander the Great, so was Julius Cæsar, so was Napoleon."

"Then you do not approve of the character and teachings of Ignatius Loyala?"

Dr. Inglis glances across the room to where his sister-in-law—Miss Agatha Campbell, who is a devoted Roman Catholic, is seated at her embroidery frame, and replies in a low tone.

"Of course not, my love. How could it be possible for me, a bishop of the church of Scotland, to approve of the character and teachings of the founder of the Jesuits."

Miss Campbell is an elegant and beautiful woman, though past the bloom of youth, and she raises her fine hazel eyes at this remark and a delicate flush rises to her pale cheeks.

"See now," said Dr. Inglis "you have forced me into the lists, and Agatha is ready to do battle for her church. You may take up the guantlet yourself, my lady, for I really hav'nt time—my sermon *must* be written."

"Oh, my dearest Miss Campbell, I did not know you were sitting so quietly in that recess. *We* will not quarrel about religions—we love each other too dearly for that: I think I am a more genuine Catholic than you, however, for I believe that many of your church are saved, while you do not believe that one of mine will ever reach heaven."

"I pray that you may," dear Ellen."

"Yet you do not pray believing; for you cannot think that I will ever leave the church in which I was born."

"It is useless to discuss the subject," said Miss Campbell sadly,

"come and tell me what Paul wrote you from Syria, I believe you had a letter yesterday."

"Oh yes, and he is so infatuated with that half Judaic church which has emigrated to Palestine, that he can talk of nothing else. I am afraid Paul is running wild in his ideas of scriptural truth, and that is principally what I wished to ask Uncle about this evening."

"There is no end to the formation of sects among the Protestants," said Miss Campbell. "I am grieved that my poor Paul should be the founder of another."

"Paul preaches a saving gospel to perishing sinners, my dear Agatha," said Dr. Inglis, looking up from his manuscript.

"But Uncle," said Ellen timidly, "do you not think that this introduction of Judaism into a christian church, is a dangerous heresy. They observe the Jewish Sabbath. They call the sacrament the passover, and are very particular to observe it at the exact time of the Jewish passover. They observe all the Jewish purifications, (as they designate them, baptisms,) they will not eat any food forbidden in the Jewish law."

"Well, my dear, and what other crimes do they commit? I wonder how much guiltier they are than my niece Ellen, who is rather particular in observing the law of Paris in her dress—who religiously observes her mamma's birthday—and makes it a point to have the castle table supplied with fat poultry, tender beef and mutton, the sweetest butter and cream, and will have no other, and who sends to London for the best confectionary."

"Oh, but Uncle, I do not make these things religious duties."

"Neither do the Hebrew Christians claim that their observances of the laws, to which you object, have any merit in them, but only that they are wise and good regulations. I was inclined to think as you do, at first, but Paul's arguments have convinced me that we cannot do otherwise than allow them their own liberty in these matters.

"They observe the seventh day as a day of rest, St. Paul gives them liberty to do so—they observe the Mosaic law, with regard to food. St. Paul gives them liberty to do so—they are zealous of the law—so was the church of St. James at Jerusalem—and he did not object to it: I think myself that they have proved themselves so far, true converts; and I think there is less danger, in clinging too closely to the Mosaic law, than in departing too far from it. But I really wish you ladies would take your embroidery, and your musical tongues into the drawing room, or garden, and leave me to my studies. You may then dispute about Paul's church and the Jesuits, at your leisure."

The ladies smilingly obey, and Ellen Inglis and Agatha Campbell, spend the rest of the afternoon in talk, in low, loving, cooing tones. Miss Campbell is ten years older than Ellen, but they have grown up together like sisters, although of different faith; one born in the church of Rome—the other in the church of Scotland.

## CHAPTER XXII.

The party of travelers, who drew near the sweet secluded vale of Nazareth, have subsided into perfect silence, as the holy spot comes into view. The swelling hills around encircle the valley, as with a soft, reverent embrace and the village in the distance lies in the hazy afternoon light, with an air of repose, as though all things slept. No sound disturbs the profound stillness, save the shrill "chirping of the cricket in the long summer grass." Under an aged

and gnarled oak, probably like the one in which the silken locks of Absalom were entangled in his swift flight, a beautiful Arab boy, who seemed to have been guarding a flock of goats, which were clambering up the hill side, had fallen asleep. Adele, who had dismounted and was walking with her husband, almost started, on seeing this lovely sleeping boy. Her mind was so full of the infancy and boyhood of Christ, that this child, in his noble beauty, seemed an embodiment of the infant Savior. Mr. Molyneux walked on to an eminence which commanded the whole valley, and Adele was alone. She drew in with long breaths, the sweet air of the valley—she kneeled and kissed the grassy, blossomy sod, which the feet of our Savior, the child-God had pressed—she looked up at the floating clouds in the blue sky overhead, and never before had earth, air and sky seemed so inexpressibly dear! The childhood of Christ had been spent in this spot! He, the God of all, condescended to take the form of human nature and showed what surpassing loveliness may be found in *sinless human nature*. No fault—no selfishness—no littleness—no unworthiness, appeared in the fascinating nature which he assumed. When he joined, in the pretty gambols of the village children, no scowl of anger deformed the beautiful brow—no selfish interests compressed the childish lips—no false shame ever bowed the noble head. Human nature without one blot—one stain—one deformity. How happy the sinless child must have been. Our feeble minds can form no true conception of it. We look back at the happy moments of our own childhood, very, very happy; but there were intermingled with these happy moments, tears and disappointments, griefs and fears. Filled with these thoughts, Adele heard Mildred's joyous voice shouting, "Mamma, mamma."—She turned and found Mildred running towards her, and Adele, the beautiful young mother, opened her arms, and the breathless little cherub nestled there, with her arms around her mother's neck. "Oh mamma," said Mildred, as soon as she could speak, "is it true that the Savior to whom we pray, and who hears us every day in heaven, lived a little child in this place?"

"Yes my Mildred, this is where our Lord, was a little child like you, and grew up to be the only sinless man, who ever lived."

"And does He love this village, because he lived here, with his mother when he was a little child?" asked Mildred.

"I do not suppose, darling, that he loves this spot, more than any other on earth;—the love of Jesus is not finite—not limited like ours. When he was on earth, there was a woman, who I think must have loved him very much, exclaimed, 'oh, the blessedness of his mother.' She thought the mother of this divinely lovely person, must be supremely happy; and do you remember his reply to her, my love? He said 'yea,'—that is, he assented to her remark, but he added 'more blessed are those that hear the word of God and *keep it*.' So you see, my dear little pet, that our Savior's kingdom is *spiritual*. His mother was very dear to him, but he tells us that those who do the will of his Father are equally dear. This spot is probably also dear to him, but a prayer from our home in England, or from the deserts of Africa, or from the jungles of India, will be just as acceptable to Him as from the holy vale of Nazareth." "Oh mamma," said Mildred "I would love to live here. I do not think I ever would be naughty, if I could think of our dear Savior all the time, and if I lived here, I should think of him every hour."

Adele smiled as she kissed the bright, up-turned face. "My own

love, the *heart* is the same in all places—it is God's grace and no outward impressions, which purifies the soul. You cannot understand these things quite yet, but you will learn more and more every day."

The tents were soon spread and dinner prepared.

Charlie Mowbray and Millie, were holding a whispered conference, over some dishes of figs and nuts. "No," said Mildred, "I will ask Mamma Cecil." Her face was very grave, and bright, as her question was asked.—"What did our Savior eat, when he was a little child in this place?"

"Probably just what you and Charlie are eating now," said Mr. Benjamin, who was generally listening, when his little grandson Charlie was a party in the conversation. "The common people of the Jews to which class our Savior belonged, lived usually upon the cereal and fruit productions of the earth. And even Ziba, accustomed to the habits of royalty, brought as a present to David, 'two hundred loaves of bread, an hundred bunches of raisins, and an hundred of *summer fruits*, and a quantity of wine,' but no flesh. The Israelites complained bitterly in the wilderness, that Moses had not brought them 'to a land of seeds, or of figs, or of vines, or of pomegranates.' And do you not remember, Charlie, that when your favorite hero David, found a famished Egyptian beyond the brook Besor, and this Egyptian could give him intelligence of the raiding party, who burned his home in Ziglag, and carried off his beloved Abigail and his children, what food they gave the hungry man to revive him? Bread, figs and raisins, and 'when he had eaten, his spirit came again, for he had had no food for three days.' And Nehemiah, in complaining of his countrymen for bringing provisions into Jerusalem, on the Sabbath day, says they brought 'sheaves and wine, grapes and figs, and all manner of burdens.' So we may suppose, my boy, that our Savior, lived upon the beautiful and delicious products of the earth—on the graceful grain which springs from the rich bosom of the earth, and on the beautiful fruits which droops from the boughs and vines overhead."

Charlie and Millie were very much delighted, and both resolved that they would always eat what grandpapa supposed our dear Savior ate.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

We will next notice our party of travelers on Mt. Scopus, looking over the intervening forest of olive-trees, upon the turretted walls, the lofty domes, and alas, alas, the Turkish mosques and minarets of Jerusalem. Mr. Benjamin whose love for the holy city has been intense as a Jew, loved it still more as a Jew and a Christian. With tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks, he exclaimed, or rather groaned, "Jerusalem! oh, Jerusalem!—trodden down of the Gentiles—desecrated—humiliated, in dust and ashes!" The tears also filled Charlie Mowbray's large black eyes, at seeing the emotion of his grandfather, and doubling up his little fists, and in the attitude of an English pugilist, he exclaimed. "When I am a man, I will bring an English army here and kill the horrid Turks. I will be a general, like Sir Henry Havelock, and whip everybody." This infantile burst of indignation, and military ambition, made his father and Mrs. Cecil laugh heartily.—But the others were too deeply impressed with the beauty, sadness, and solemnity of the scene, to do more than smile at the handsome boy's wrath.

Oh, the thrilling interest which enveloped the holy city. Calvary! Calvary! was that indeed the spot, upon which the son of God made the great atonement for the race created in the image of his Father, and who had fallen to so fearful a depth, from so high an estate! Calvary! Calvary! He condescended to become our elder Brother—the son of our Father, God—and suffered the agonies of crucifixion, to redeem us from our sins, he sinless. The crucifixion!—with outstretched hands, as if in benediction, he is raised between earth and heaven, connecting the two, in his untold physical anguish.—With outstretched hands blessing the race, whose fiendish hatred is exhausting itself against him.—Such love, such purity, such dignity, such glory—human language fails in this great theme. There too is the Mount of Olives, from whose picturesque summit this our glorious Christ, having completed his work of Redemption, rises to his Father in heaven. There is Gethsemane—there the Mount of Zion—Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

It being too late to enter the city that evening, the tents were pitched in a grove near by, and the party spent the night here. The next morning at breakfast, Sarah related a singular dream which she had had during the night. She said:

"I dreamed that I was still looking at Jerusalem, when a cross of intense white light appeared suspended in the air above the hill of Calvary. It was not fire, but a pure, intense white light like that of the sun, and in the form of a cross, the outlines of which were sharply defined, and from which emanated so brilliant a light that the sun seemed invisible.—The inhabitants now began to leave the city, pouring in terror from all the gates—I dreamed that portions of this terror stricken crowd, soon reached the point where we were standing, and reported that for two days an unusual heat of atmosphere has been observed, increasing every moment, and on the second day, they first observed the cross of light suspended over Calvary. The heat becoming intolerable, they now began to fly, and not a living soul was at present left within the walls of the cross-illumined city. All the mountain tops around were crowded with spectators, who gazed almost breathlessly at the solemn, and beautiful scene. The light was so brilliant, that every dome, arch, window, turret and minaret appeared with marvellous distinctness. It gave them the appearance of fire and although no flames were perceptible, the work of combustion was evidently going on, for from the intense whiteness we have sometimes seen metals assume in a furnace, they began to totter—to fall—to crumble as silently as the ashes from a glowing coal;—and soon every vestige of walls and buildings disappeared, but still the earth beneath seemed all aglow with burning light. And all up the surrounding mountain sides, the pure, white glowing heat spread, consuming every vestige of vegetation, disintegrating every stone, until it seemed to melt, or sink into the earth, and still the vivid cross, kept motionlessly its towering position. When everything was consumed, the light began to decline gradually, and slowly to fade out, except in the cross, which remained as brilliant as ever. Clouds now began to gather, and the torrents of rain to pour down upon the valley, the heat of which caused heavy volumes of steam to rise in the atmosphere. The rain continued for some time, and when it ceased, the earth bore the dark rich hue of virgin soil—the outlines were softened and the valley with the cross above Calvary looked as lovely as when Melchizedek king of Salem, and priest of the most high God, probably first se-

lected it for his oratory. I dreamed that we now hastened down to the valley, and stood where the city lately was. We ascended the hill of Calvary, and looked with awe upon the cross above us. I then awoke."

Mr. Benjamin listened to the recital of this singular dream, with his eyes fixed upon his distant and beloved Jerusalem, as if he listened to a prophecy. Alfred Mowbray looked uncomfortable, and yet more serious than was his wont—he took his wife's hand and said tenderly.

"My love, your feverish dream was probably caused by fatigue and the excitement of seeing Jerusalem for the first time. But I must admit," he added turning his eyes towards the city "that it was a remarkable dream." He knew from the language in which Sarah had told it, that it had made a deep impression upon her.

And here upon the mount overlooking the holy city, "beautiful for situation and the joy of the whole earth," emblem of the heaven to which we press, we take leave of our Adele St. Maur, surrounded with loving hearts and tender care.

THE END.

## A FRAGMENT FROM MEXICAN HISTORY.

During the Mexican war, we read Mr. Prescott's charming book, the "Conquest of Mexico," in the country, which he has described with all the living truth of the landscape painter. Day by day, we were more and more impressed, with the accuracy and life-likenesses of his pictures; whether we were wading through the deep sands, among the tangled chapparal of the *tierra calliente*, marching through the gorgeous forests and enchanted scenery of the elevated plateaus, or gazing from the table lands upon the snow-capped summits of Orizaba, the Coffre, Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl. The glowing imagination of the great word-painter enabled him to portray with amazing fidelity, the luxuriant vegetation, the green valleys, sparkling streams, barren salt-plains, olive-crowned hills and sierras of this region of story and romance.—We were fortunate too, in being able to read in the very places made historic by the heroic deeds of Cortez and his followers, the military sketches of the stout soldier Bernal Diaz, the fascinating volumes of Don Antonio De Solis, and the more philosophical work of Don Francisco J. Clavigero.—These are the authorities, upon which Mr. Prescott chiefly relied in writing his celebrated History. We have not read his book since 1847, but our impression is, that he derives his accounts of battles, mainly from Bernal Diaz; the policy of the Spanish campaigns, and the relations of the Aztecs to the neighboring nations are furnished by De Solis; while he looks to Clavigero for information in regard to the antiquities, origin, religion, mode of worship, manners, customs and social characteristics of the Aztecs, Tlascalans, and other numerous nations in that once populous region. Clavigero is especially satisfactory in regard to the religion of the Aztecs, Toltecs, and other tribes of aborigines; and in that subject, we were particularly interested. We were struck

with two facts, to one of which, we do not remember that attention has ever been called. 1st. That the Indians, like the idolatrous Jews, loved to worship upon "high places." Their sacrificial rites were all performed, upon the flat tops of temples of *cal y piedra*, which thickly dotted the surface of the country. Cortez in a letter to the Emperor, Charles V. told him that from the altar, crowning the height of the pyramid of Cholula, he could count four hundred turrets, where heathen worship was performed. Other writers, probably more accurate, say that there was a tower in the plain around Cholula, for every day in the year. This pyramid is still one of the wonders of the world. It is of earth; according to the estimate of Clavigero, 500 feet high and half a mile in circumference. We ascended to the top of it in 1847, by a winding road, the one hundred and twenty terraces counted by Bernal Diaz having disappeared and left a conical surface. The temple, constructed by the Toltecs, has been replaced by the church of our "Lady of Cholula." When we were there, women and children swarmed around selling rosaries, and other objects of religious veneration to the Catholics, or alleged Toltecan relics. Fragments of pottery, of high polish and exquisite finish, were offered for sale, and we were told that the mound was full of them. We saw some peasants digging for them and large quantities were disinterred near the surface. But we could not tell, whether or not, these were the workmanship of the former inhabitants. The city of Cholula, which once contained, as the early chroniclers say, 200,000 inhabitants, has dwindled down into a little town, peopled by the mongrel race of Spaniards, Indians and negroes,—a sad illustration of the degeneracy, springing out of the practical working of the Jacobin doctrine of the equality of races.

The second thing, we particularly noticed, was that the word *teo* or *teos*, so nearly identical with *theos* the Greek name for God, enters into the names of the deities, of the places of worship and of the orders of priesthood, with the Aztecs, Toltecs, Totonacs, and all the races of Anahuac. Thus the goddess of Heaven with the Totonacs, was *Centeotl*. Her temple was on a hill, three miles from the city of Mexico, where now stands the most renowned church of the new world, that of the "Most Holy Virgin of Guadalupe." (In the village of Guadalupe at the foot of this hill, was signed in 1848, the treaty of peace between the American and Mexican Commissioners.) The temples were all called *teo*-calli, house of God, or *teo*-pan, place of God. A sacred district, a religious possession, was called *Teo*-talpan, land of the Gods.—Twenty miles from the city of Mexico, were the famous temples of *Teo*-tihuacan. The priests went by the general name of *Teo*-pixqui, ministers of God. The High Priest was Mexico-*teo*-huatzin; his two assistants had the brief name of Tepan-*teo*-huatzin and of Huitznahua-*teo*-huatzin. When our readers have satisfactorily pronounced the last name, we can give them many more compounds of this word *teo* or *teos*.

It is well known that Cortez never could have succeeded in conquering Montezuma, the Mexican King, had he not formed alliances with the other tribes, who had been oppressed by, or were jealous of, the Mexicans. He first made a league offensive and defensive with the Totonacs, and next with the warlike Tlascalans. But the latter, like some other people, were not converted to union principles, until after a desperate and bloody struggle. The "arrogant youth" Xicocentatl their leader having failed to conquer the Spaniards by

day, was told by oracles to attack them at night, when their God would be unable to protect them. Cortez discovered his plan, and so signally frustrated it that the Tlascalans were glad to make peace.

Ever afterwards, they made faithful and true allies to their conquerors, and when the Spaniards were driven out of the City of Mexico on that night of disaster, which is still called in their history, *noche triste* (sad night,) the Tlascalans received them into their city. Before they reached their place of refuge, however, they were compelled to give battle to the Mexicans at Otompan, and there the Tlascalans "fought like lions," says Bernal Diaz, for their new allies and "late enemies."—But for the timely assistance thus given, Cortez and all his followers must certainly have perished.

The government of Tlascala was a pure aristocracy—all power resting in a Senate composed of hereditary nobles. This Senate had been hostile to Montezuma and fearful of his growing power.

Cortez had wished to conciliate them, and widen the breach between them and Montezuma. He had accordingly sent four embassadors, with words of cunning, as well as of kindness in their mouths. One of the most graphic and eloquent chapters of De Solis is devoted to this interview. The Spanish embassadors failed, as we have seen, to propitiate the Tlascalans. The brave Indians rejected all overtures of alliance against those of their own color, until they were beaten in the field. But like all true soldiers, they were faithful to the new obligations forced upon them by the fortunes of war.

But it is not our design to follow the authorities, which Mr. Prescott has so skillfully used. We propose to make an extract from an author, whom we imagine he never read, viz: Don Bernal Diaz De Fabuloso. The fragment relates to a former war between the Mexicans and the Tlascalans.

"The arms of the Senate had been successful for the first two years of the war. The Mexicans had been driven back everywhere, and it was thought that the Capital itself would have been captured, but for some boats of war, which Montezuma had placed upon Lake Tezcuco and Lake Chalco. But the great wealth of the king enabled him to hire many auxiliaries, the Cholutecans, the Tezcocans, the Nauthlecans, the Iztapalapans, and the Otomies, a nation, says De Solis, "barbarous even among barbarians." The tide of war now turned. The armies of Montezuma swept almost without resistance over the country. The Otomies, sometimes called the Bummercatls, were let loose to ravage, burn, and desolate the fair country of Tlascala. It was as the garden of the Lord before them, and a waste, howling wilderness behind them. The Senate removed, for safety, the vast numbers of prisoners they held, to the tierra calliente (hot country) where the close confinement, vile water and unhealthy climate killed many of them. Strict orders were given to feed them just as the Tlascalan soldiers were fed. But now the country, ravaged by the Bummercatls, afforded but little nourishing food, and this added to the suffering, and death of the Mexican prisoners. The Senate of Tlascala pitying their suffering, offered to give them all up to Montezuma, without exchange. But he refused to receive them.

Finally, the brave Tlascalans were overpowered and sued for peace. Montezuma recovered the men who had been in prison, and with them he took their head jailer Wirzcoatl. In great wrath, the King summoned the jailer before him.

Montezuma. 'Wretch! you carried my soldiers to an unhealthy

place, where thousands of them died.'

Jailer. 'Dread Sovereign! it was the only place in Tlascala judged to be safe.'

Montezuma. 'Why did you take them to a safe place? 'Twas the very thing I did not wish you to do. Villain! you are the murderer of my soldiers.'

Jailer. 'Great King! my government but followed your example. You placed Tlascalan soldiers on an Island in Tezcuco, and among the bleak sierras, where they froze to death every night.—Your own officers state that 22,500 Mexican prisoners died out of the 261,000, whom we held, that is, one out of every eleven; while 26,500 Tlascalans perished, out of the 200,000 you held, that is one out of every seven and a half. Great King! The Tlascalan prisoners were worse treated than the Mexican prisoners.'

Montezuma. 'Monster! you half starved my men.'

Jailer. 'Mighty Monarch! I fed them as our own soldiers were fed. Your Bummercatls had so desolated Tlascala that little food was left in it. Our Senate offered to give you up all your men, even without exchange; but you would not take them.'

Montezuma. 'Ha, Villain! I have caught you at last. So you wanted to get rid of my men, that you might have food enough left for your gaunt, and hungry soldiers, in order to strengthen and encourage them to fight me, as they did three and four years ago, when they were sleek and fat. By this, I know that you deserve to die.—Ho, guards! away with him.—Take him to the top of the Teocalli in the great square, beat his brains out on the sacrificial stone in the sight of all the people.

Away with him!

And you Chief Priest! see to it that the great drums are beat from all the Teocallis in my kingdom, the moment the wretch expires, summoning all my pious subjects to return thanks to Teocatl (Goddess of darkness) that Mexico has been avenged upon her enemies.'"

Here the fragment of history ends.

Moral. Never be head jailer to the weaker party. Alas! poor Wirzcoatl!

GENIUS AND THE DOMESTIC TIES.—Moore laid it down as a rule, that genius and domestic happiness were incompatible with, and excluded, each other. One day, when he asked in Wordsworth's presence, if such was not necessarily the case, the grave poet of the Lakes replied—"Men do not make their homes unhappy because they have genius, but because they have not enough genius; a mind and sentiments of a higher order would render them capable of seeing and feeling all the beauty of the domestic ties."—*From Country Gent.*

GRATTAN'S VENERATION FOR OLD TREES.—He loved old trees, and used to say: "Never cut down a tree for fashion's sake. The tree has its roots in the earth, while fashion has not." A favorite old tree stood near the house at Tinnehinch. A friend of Grattan's, thinking it obstructed the view, recommended him to cut it down.

"Why so?" said Grattan. "Because it stands in the way of the house." Grattan.—"You mistake; it is the house that stands in the way of it, and if either comes down, let it be the house."—*Curran's Sketches of the Irish Bar.*

## WHEAT CULTURE.

The agriculturist is more unreasonable in his expectations of "gathering where he hath not strewn" than almost any other man. He regards the soil as a producer only, and seems to forget entirely that it is also a consumer. The dairyman does not expect his cows to yield milk without food—the merchant does not expect a profit more than in proportion to the capital invested. But the farmer relying upon the generous earth, expects her to yield her increase year after year without bestowing a dollar upon the food, without which she must necessarily become exhausted. "But" says the farmer, "I invested in *land* as the merchant invests in *goods*, and my land should yield me an annual profit, without farther investment."

No, my friend, you invested in land, as the merchant invested in a store-house, and as he fills his store-house, as fast as his supplies are exhausted, so should you supply to your lands ingredients which form crops, as fast as they are consumed by the growing grain, cotton or tobacco. If the customers of the merchant fail to find his shelves replenished, and call for this article and that article without finding it, they desert him for some better establishment.—So the crops of the farmer, if their demand for this and that ingredient in his soil is not supplied, fail to grow, and both merchant and farmer *fail in business*.

Your land, in its present state will yield, say, six bushels of wheat per acre ($12 per acre)—and if by spending $10 per acre to fertilize it, you can raise sixteen bushels per acre, you will thereby have a gain of $20 per acre, with no additional labor except that of applying the fertilizer to the land. The merchant thinks he is doing a good business if he realizes twenty per cent.—But here is a gain of a hundred per cent. And this is far from being mere theory. In England it is the constant, annual practice—farming there is a fast money making business.

Wheat is the most important crop to man. In this country, the usual practice is to sow it broadcast, allow the weeds and bushes to rob it of half its nutriment—give it no attention until it is ready to cut, and then exclaim with lugubrious countenances "my wheat is a failure!"

In England, every farmer considers himself unacquainted with his business until he finds out what fertilizers his soil requires, and when this knowledge is acquired, his way is clear. "Every shilling I spend is that much gain" and he applies lime, guano, gypsum or the phosphates with no niggard hand. When his land is ready, he does not sow the precious seed—some thick—some thin—some too deeply covered and some not covered at all. A well made drill puts each grain in its proper place, at its proper depth, and covers all securely. When the dark green rows appear, no weeds are allowed to retard their rapid growth, they are hoed at least twice, and at harvest, the hale and rosy English farmers, in spite of having to pay $10 per month for laborers, and what would appear to us fabulous rents, smile and say, "Farming is a most profitable business, if well followed."

And this difference is simply owing to English energy, English thrift and English science.

We will now consider in detail their method of culture—manuring, drilling, weeding and hoeing.

1st. Applying fertilizers. "The more money you put into your soil the more you get out of it" is an English adage and a golden one. But this money must be put in with some sense and judgment. The merchant who fills his store house with goods not suited to the market, proves himself unacquainted with his business, and the goods are left upon his hands, a dead loss. You would then think him a very foolish person to conclude therefore that merchandizing did not pay, and give up the business. You would say rather "profit by your experience, study the wants of your customers, and then see if it will not pay."

So we say to the farmer, ascertain what your soil requires—if you make a mistake, profit by your experience—study your soil, study your business. What would be thought of a manufacturer who understood nothing about his machinery—you would think his machinery might play the wild with him. It is the business of the farmer to understand the character and requirements of his soil, and as soon as this knowledge is acquired, to act upon it with a will.

Baugh's Rawbone Phosphate can be procured at less than $50 per ton, if taken in quantities of ten tons and over.

You are probably going to sow one hundred acres in wheat. As your land may, in its present state, yield six bushels per acre, we will consider your crop worth $1200. If by applying a quarter of a ton of phosphate per acre, you can bring your field to yield sixteen bushels per acre, you will for an outlay of $1250, make $2000.

You consider $1250 a heavy outlay for manures. Your merchant friend would not consider it a heavy outlay for goods, however; and you may expect, with as much certainty, at least, as he does, a profitable return. Even if our farmers had to pay such rents as they do in England, this would not be a losing business.

2nd. Drilling instead of broadcast sowing. A drilling machine costs about $60. By using it, a half bushel of seed is saved to the acre. In a hundred acres, you therefore save $100 in seed alone. Two horses drill about seven acres a day, and here is an important gain, for the drill does the whole work of sowing and covering.—But the most important gain is the increased product of the grain. The farmers of Yates Co., N. Y., say that on an average the drilled wheat yields 40 per ct. more than the broadcast. (Country Gent. vol. 9, No. 15.) This great difference however, is not so perceptible, in the spring sown grain.—The great advantage of placing grain at the proper depth, and proper distance apart is shown by the following experiment. "Last season, I planted five oat seeds about four or five inches apart, and one inch deep, in good soil.—Without further attention, they yielded sixty seven stalks, averaging from eighty to one hundred oats to each head—being over *ten hundred fold*, instead of only from thirty to forty fold, the ordinary yield. I know of no reason why a whole field would not produce at the same rate, if planted as properly."

3rd. Weeding and hoeing. In England, one man with a group of children, armed with weeding forks, goes over the crop and eradicates every weed. The crop is hoed—usually hand-hoed twice, but in the celebrated Lois Weedon system, the culture is deeper and more thorough. This mode of culture has been so successful and attracted so much attention that we give the following account of it from *The American Farmer*, published at Baltimore.

"The plan adopted by Rev. S. Smith, at Lois Weedon, in Northamptonshire, is to divide the field into lands five feet wide. In the centre of these lands, the wheat is dibbled at the rate of two pecks per acre in three rows, one foot apart, thus leaving a space of three feet in width unoccupied. When the plant is up strong, the whole of the land is dug with a fork and allowed to lie rough for the winter. In the following spring, the land is levelled and well cleaned by the use of the horse-hoe, and this implement is freely used until the wheat is coming into blossom. The rows of wheat are then earthed-up with a mould-board, and in the furrows thus made, the subsoil plough is used tolerably deep. To overcome the injurious influence on the wheat, which is found to arise from the land being too loose, the Crosskill roller is used before the ground is sown, and also in the following spring. In this manner one-half of the ground is occupied in producing wheat, whilst the remaining half is under preparation for the next year's crop. Under this system the produce of this land (not worth 30 shillings per acre,) has been raised from 16 to 40 bushels per acre.—The crops from 1847 to 1856 inclusive, averaged 34 bushels; the crop of 1857 produced 35 bushels; the crop of 1858 equalled 40 bushels; and thus the land, instead of showing any sign of exhaustion, gives proof of increasing fertility.—The question naturally arises, To what source are we to trace these anomalous circumstances, that with the repeated removal of these crops, without any compensation by manure, the soil advances in fertility? It can be referred to no other causes than those I have already named—the conversion of the dormant matter of the soil into an active condition, whilst at the same time, and under the same agency, the soil feeds upon the nitrogenized matter of the atmosphere, and secretes a store of food for the growth of the succeeding crop."

To give some idea of the English mode of farming, we will state that Mr. John Hudson of Castle Acre, (an estate of about twelve hundred acres,) pays out $5000 annually for artificial manures—$10,000 annually for cattle food to make still better manures;—and he pays $15,000 annually to his laborers, making an annual expenditure of $30,000, or about $25 per acre. When our Southern farmers learn to farm in this lordly style, they may expect Mr. Hudson's lordly returns.

Every hundred acres should have $2500 judiciously spent upon it, and this $2500 is *not* judiciously spent, if it does not yield you at least 25 per cent.

There is no reason why farming should not be the most profitable, the safest, the most independent, and the most agreeable business in the world.

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## THE HAVERSACK.

The Southern soldiers had but little reverence for the clergy, who visited them when comfortably quartered in some safe place, but were not to be seen in time of danger and privation. Such a man as the chaplain of the 23d N. C. Regt. who trudged along on foot in the mud or dust, or such an one as the chaplain of the —th S. C. Regiment, who remained with his charge amid the heat, stench and carnage of Battery Wagner, would command their love and respect, while they had but little regard for the "occasional reverends" though possessing the learning of the Doctors of the Sorbonne, or the eloquence of the D. Ds. of Protestantism.

An anecdote or two will illustrate the feeling of the soldiers towards their *flying* visitors.

A distinguished clergyman came to preach to —— brigade, when the enemy was "all quiet along the Potomac" after a pretty sound drubbing. Some one had made him a present of *real* cheese and crackers, the spoils of some U. S. sutler's wagon, which he was quietly enjoying by the road side,

while the troops were marching past. It was not long before the rebel sharp-shooters opened fire upon him, "I say, Jim, it's the rale artic-cle." "I wonder if the Parson's in the blockade-running business." "Mister, I'll whistle Yankee-doodle for you, if you'll gin me a smell of that thar Yankee cheese." "I haint had nothing to eat in three days, please sir let me have a slice of that crumb on your whiskers." Absorbed in his pleasant duty and perhaps in his meditations, the reverend gentleman had not heard at first the pattering shot around him. But when he became conscious that he was the target for all this desultory fire, he began to beat a retreat. Just then a long legged, and gaunt specimen of rebeldom stepped up to him, took off his old slouch hat, made him the most horribly awkward bow and said, "not any for me, thank you kindly, parson, you are powerful good, but that thar cheese would be too excitin' to my feelins."

When Meade advanced upon Lee at Mine Run, two of the "occasionals" were on a visit to the incorrigible jokers of Rode's old Brigade. One was very long, and the other very short, but both were very desirous to see how a battle was managed. They accordingly pressed forward to the front, where the artillery was coming into battery. Everything was new to them, their curiosity was unbounded and their satisfaction equally so, at all they saw and heard. But alas! it was a short-lived pleasure; a puff of smoke arose just opposite them, a shrieking shell whirled past, then another and another. *That* was a part of the programme, they had not calculated upon. They hesitated a few moments, and then ran to the rear like quarter nags, amidst the loud cries of "run, big preach, little preach will catch you."—They ensconced themselves behind a bank, but even here their sorrows were not over. For an empty flour-barrel happened to be near and a mischievous Alabama boy struck it, with the butt of his gun. The startled fugitives thought a shell had exploded by them, and once more took to their heels, cheered on by the shout "run big preach, little preach will catch you."

A quartermaster sends us the following anecdote of the hero of many a hard fight and many a tough joke. "Gen'l Jubal A. Early had a great prejudice against quartermasters. I had often tried in vain to propitiate him. The orders on the night of the evacuation of Centreville was to burn all unnecessary baggage and let the wagons go light. My Colonel had heroically sacrificed all his articles of luxury and comfort even. But I resolved to store away some bottles and delicacies in an enormous chest, I had. I was busily engaged in this laudable enterprise, when Gen. Jubal rode up. 'What are you doing with that box?' 'I keep my regimental papers in it.' 'Are you the quartermaster of the army that you need such a box?' 'No General, I am quartermaster of the —th N. C. Regt.' 'I have a great mind to have you put in your big box and both thrown into the fire.' He rode off and *I saved my box.* Sometime after, I happened to be near him on a raw, bleak night, when he seemed to be nearly frozen with cold. I approached him with some dread, and offered him the hospitality of my bottle. *He was not offended* and examined the contents searchingly. At length he said, 'Captain did you burn that big box at Centreville?' 'No, General, I saved it.' 'Was this bottle in that big box, Captain?' 'Yes General.' 'Captain, I am glad that you did not burn that big box!' And I was glad you may be sure that I got off so well."

A soldier sends a tribute to a brother soldier and we use his own words. "At the battle of Williamsburg, May 5th, 1862, the 14th N. C. Troops were lying down behind felled timber in front of Fort Magruder, having driven back the first advance of Hancock's troops.

Many dead and wounded Yankees were lying in close proximity to our lines, and the moans of the wounded were truly heart-rending. The enemy, however, was peppering away at long range and it was almost certain death to raise one's head above the timber. A Yankee was heard crying out 'water, water, friend or foe, water.' Private Beck of the 14th N. C. jumped up, and spite of the remonstrances of friends, and the orders of officers, walked a distance of 50 yards, and gave the sufferer his canteen, and returned unhurt, though exposed to a fire from the front and rear. He said that the 'God bless you' of the wounded man paid him for all his risk."

While the Jeff. Davis Legion of cavalry, belonging to Hampton's brigade, was encamped on the Va. Central Rail Road in 1862, a wild trooper more fond of ducks and chickens than of military duty, went out foraging among the coops of a farmer, whose house stood near the camp of the Legion. The next morning, the good man of the house came over to the tent of Colonel Martin, complained bitterly of the outrage and asked for a guard. Colonel Martin directed a guard to be sent with strict orders, to watch the feathery treasures, by day and night. A common punishment in our regiment was putting offenders on *extra*-guard duty. But on this occasion, the most exemplary men were chosen to perform the delicate task of protecting the poultry against midnight marauders.—Young L., a handsome Mississippian, was one of the guard selected because of the uniform propriety of his conduct. Knowing that there were some very pretty girls in the house, he had dressed himself up in his best clothes, and with sabre drawn was pacing up and down on his sentry post, in all the conscious pride of being a protector to fair ladies, a well-dressed soldier and a fine looking man. But his happiness was not to last forever. A pond of water was near the house, at which the troopers watered their horses.—Private R. who was believed to have stolen the chickens, rode up to the pond, and seeing the evident enjoyment of L. cried out loud enough to be heard by the girls. "So you have been caught at your tricks at last, and Colonel Martin has put you on guard to punish you, I told you to let the chickens alone, but you would not mind me," and then putting spurs to his horse, dashed off before the bewildered sentinel could deny the charge.

The sole survivor of the incident gives us the following. "Previous engagements had so thinned out the line officers of the 1st N. C. Infantry (State Troops) that at the battle of Malvern Hill, companies C and E of the regiment were both under command of one subaltern, a second Lieutenant. Company C was our color company, and when we moved into action, five corporals, the remnant of the old color guard, marched with our flag.

Our attack was made up the face of a steep hill, and through the yard and garden of a parsonage. The fire of the enemy both with artillery and small arms was exceedingly heavy, and upon our gaining the crest of the hill, its effect was too severe to be endured. We did not fall back, however, but rushed forward to the road beyond, which had been worn down so as to afford a very fair cover to

the troops in line of battle. The distance to the road from the top of the hill was not more than 75 yards. But during the time we were making this short run, corporal Latham was shot dead with the colors in his hands; Lanier took them and instantly fell mortally wounded; Wiggins seized them and had his knee shattered; Herring took his place, but to fall also with a wound through the body. Finally, corporal Calvin Jones took the flag and held it while life lasted. He was a fair, delicate boy of 16 from the county of New Hanover. A ball shattered his arm. I said 'go to the rear and give me the flag.' 'Oh, no sir! I can carry it yet!' The one arm does double duty. Another shot mangles his girl-like face. 'Let go, I can hold it yet!' Another ball pierces his noble breast.—'Take it, Lieutenant, I can carry it no farther!' His officer, with the assistance of Evan Atkinson and George Lumsden (both of whom have been since killed) laid the brave boy behind a bank safe from farther mutilation, where as noble a soul was breathed out as ever animated mortal mould."

Two gallant cavalry generals, a friend tells us, were in the habit of joking each other about the poverty of their respective States. General G— of N. C. was accustomed to taunt General Y— of Georgia with the whortle-berry proclivities of his people. The other would retort by alleging that the "tar-heels" lived on persimmons. These jokes never alienated the heroic brothers in arms, but their mutual good feeling came near being broken off on one occasion. As General G— was putting his brigade into camp, he observed a squad of men drawn up under a persimmon tree near the spot, which he had chosen for his own tent. "Who are you and what are you doing?" asked General G—. The sergeant saluted him with his sabre and said in the most respectful manner, "I have been ordered by General Y— to guard this persimmon tree until General G— should come up, and then turn it over to him for the use of his brigade!" The sergeant made good his escape; but twas a long time before the practical joke was forgiven by General G—.

A friend from Texas gives us the following.

Any one, who spent the winter of 1862 and 63, in Camp Douglass will remember a poor insane prisoner from Kentucky, who used to roam about the camp and haunt the stores of the sutlers. This poor fellow had an insatiable appetite, rendered ten-fold more keen by his slender rations; and many a time were we awakened at night, by the awkward attempts of the lunatic to steal our rations. It was the design of his messmates to get him exchanged and carry him back to Tennessee and from thence send him to his home, which was in the enemy's lines. But when we were exchanged at Petersburg and stopped for a few days at the "Model Farm," it came to the ears of the commandant of the post that there was a lunatic among the paroled prisoners. So he sent out a Surgeon to examine the unfortunate man, to see whether he was a fit subject for the insane asylum. The Kentuckians were very desirous to carry the poor fellow with them and did all that they could to deceive the Surgeon; so that after a long and rigid examination, he was at a loss to decide as to the man's insanity. Finally, turning to the group looking on and anxious to know the result, he asked impatiently, "is the man rational or not?" "Yes Doctor" replied one, "I would call him very *rational*, very *rational* indeed, he not only eats his own rations, but the rations of the whole mess whenever he has a chance to steal them.' The roars

of laughter which followed, so put out the Surgeon that he left us incontinently and we went on our way rejoicing with our *rational* mess-mate.

The same friend sends us a touching tale of true affection.

"Major B. had command of a battalion of Texas cavalry, well-known to the people of that State for its deeds of daring among the snow-capped mountains of New-Mexico and the swamps of Louisiana. While serving in Louisiana, previous to the first raid of Banks on the Red River Valley, he fell in love with a sweet girl, proposed and was accepted in due form.—But just at this juncture, Bank's column came along carrying ruin and desolation in their track.—Our forces fell back into the interior, but the fair young girl remained with her mother on the plantation. When the Federal Army retreated to Brashear City, the Confederates were close upon their heels, and of course, one of the first acts of the enamored Major was to call upon his promised bride. Her mother had been ruined by the raid, the negroes had all been carried off, stock all killed or taken away, every thing of value about the plantation had been burned or destroyed. The young lady met her lover and said, 'when I engaged myself to you. I was the owner of thousands, to-day, I am penniless. It is not right to hold you to your pledge under these circumstances, you are free.' 'No,' replied the Major, 'I love you and not your property. You are dearer to me now than ever.' Some months afterwards, the noble Major fell desperately wounded, while bravely fighting at the head of his battalion in the battle of Fordoche. He lingered long in the Hospital, but was finally able to come out—a wreck of his former self. His right arm had been amputated, and three fingers had been taken off his left hand. The lady was his tender and devoted nurse, through all those weary months of suffering and confinement.—When he began to convalesce, he said to her, 'I am a cripple and must be helpless all my life. It would be selfish in me to ask you to throw away yourself on such a wreck as I am.' 'No,' said she, 'you did not desert me in my distress and poverty. Nothing but death shall ever part us again.'

They now live in the village of —— in Texas, affording a beautiful example of devoted happiness and of the reward attending true nobleness of soul."

We give up the remaining space in the Haversack, to the good things presented by a young lady of Louisiana, and will not spoil them by any condiments of our own.

"Emmett McDonald, one of Missouri's b r a v e s t sons, passing through our village on his way to Hartville—'ill fated field'—stopped a few moments under a tree: several ladies went out to speak to him. One said to him 'Colonel McDonald, you must not be *too* brave. We cannot afford to lose you yet.' 'Madam,' said he, taking off his broad brimmed hat and looking around him with a smile, I can never forget, 'Missouri is my home. I am fighting for Missouri; if I die, let me die on her soil, happy if *my* blood be a part of her ransom.' In less than two days—he was dead.

On the same occasion, that of Marmaduke's raid into Missouri, Jan. 8th, 186—. I was standing at the door about 2 o'clock in the morning, watching the troops go by. Seeing the flag bearer stop a little way from the door, I called out 'please sir stop and let us see the flag'—as I was spending the night some distance from home with some other young ladies, equally anxious with myself to look upon the 'Bars and Stars.'

'If you are good rebels you may —if not, you shall not. I know one little rebel lady in this town I would be glad to see, and thank her for her kindness to me once. Miss E—— is her name.' I was pleased of course, but said nothing. The lamp was brought out that he might see whether we were "rebs" or not. On our mutual look at each other, I was delighted to find in him, a soldier I had once aided to escape from prison. I was made acquainted with his Captain, who told me the flag was presented to him by the ladies of Little Rock, and he added, 'I shall live or die as God may will it—but I shall never leave my flag.' *He* fell the next day at Springfield.

During the war, our house was seized for Head Qrs. at different times—and ourselves obliged to leave it. Not satisfied with this—rooms were seized for different purposes in the one in which we took refuge, generally the "brave and patriotic defenders of our Union" were camped in the yard, and all around us.

I remember many amusing incidents—among the many, which were *very otherwise*. There was a very loud talking captain, who used to annoy us very much. He was, a 'Massachusetts man,' and had the *pleasant qualities* of *mind* and *person* and manner, which usually characterize the natives of the 'Hub of the Universe'—'the Athens of America.' One day, he had annoyed my little sister very much by ridiculing the way our soldiers dressed. Seeing her red face and flashing eyes, he stepped up before her and said —'Well, little miss, if the gray coats were to get me and ask you what they must do to me, what fate might I anticipate?' Looking at him with great scorn, and dignity she said—'well, Captain F. I'd tell them to *treat the poor fellow like a gentleman*, as the worst punishment they could inflict upon him.'

Two dazzlingly dressed young officers wearing the "true blue" came one day for me to play for them, which I did with as good a grace as might be. After I had finished, one of them with a very gallant bow and smile said 'I am surprised and sorry that so good and pleasant a lady should espouse so bad a cause.' 'Ah, I replied, 'Shakespeare says 'there's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.' Looking rather perplexed he says at last 'Shakespeare—ah! yes! he is one of our Virginia generals'!! The bard would have risen from his grave at such an accusation (that is *if he had heard it*) spite of his malediction on whoever should move his sacred bones.

One day, a lank visaged specimen of the genus homo, came in wearing an old cloth coat much too short in the waist and sleeves with the *brass labels* from off *sardines boxes!!* on his shoulders to designate his position in the 'State militia.' Handing me a large envelope bearing a very red tape appearance. he said in a voice of

Linked sweetness long drawn out,

'Miss, there's my commision, I come to git you to read it fur me. Them Dutch letters is ruther too much fur me, I haint got no book-larnin no how, though I have got to be one uv Uncle Sam's ossifers.' I read his commission: at its close he said reflectively, 'Dad used to say Elic, you aint never goin to be no account. I wonder what he thinks now that I've got a shore enough *letter* from the Governor. Some of the boys said he'd spelt my name wrong. Elic's my name —Elic Sander. *Sander's my middle* name.' I said 'well it's all right—Alex is only an abreviation of your name.' 'What in thunder is a-*abreviation*?' I explained.—

'Yaas,' said he, 'but I dont like it begining with A. I hate that letter worse'n the whole row. I had to be mighty nigh beat to death 'fore I larnt it.' This same hero after awhile went to a store to get some shoulder straps.—The clerk covered the counter with the glittering composition of 'Bullion' & velvet. 'Elic' was amazed and delighted; he priced a great many—finding the *Col's* straps with the eagle on them, to be but one dollar higher than some others, he bawled out 'darn a dollar, who cares for a dollar! Gim me them with a *hen* on em!' Proud bird of the free! what a fall was there!

A captain in the militia, who was somewhat wont to sacrifice at the shrine of Bacchus, one day getting into a quarrel with a fellow officer, took with great patience all opprobrious epithets the factitious eloquence of his friend could supply—but on being taxed with *cheating at cards*, he broke down. 'Sam' said he, 'I'd ruther you'd not 'a said anything about that; I could stand you to call me a *rogue* and a *liar*, but I'd ruther be *stuck full of pine splinters* and *burnt* at a *stake* than to have my *honor impeached*'!!

An officer high in the *enviable honors* of State now—whose ambition during his military career was to win the reputation of being without mercy—in which he succeeded—once on the occasion of a retreat from our place, hid two old guns under a woodpile; then told his wife to ask his nearest neighbor's boys to cut wood for her, giving her instructions to watch them, and if they reported the guns to the advancing rebs, tell him of it. One of the boys fell into the trap. Captain K. returned in the night after the retreat of the 'rebs,' went to the home of the boy (a brat ten years old) and *captured* the little fellow, took him to his house—locked him up under guard—gave him no breakfast. Next day went to the mother, a very old lady—told her if she did not pay him $50.00 the alleged price of the guns—he would hang the boy to the nearest tree—but the lady assured him she had no idea of paying for articles 'contraband of war'—and getting her horse declared she would immediately report him at District Hd. Qrs., 18 miles off. He finally after terrible threats—released the boy—having kept him about 20 hours, *with nothing to eat*—a *solitary prisoner*.

An officer one day having stepped into a "rebel house" to get something to eat, began to boast of his bravery in a certain skirmish—in a manner which made our rebel blood boil—says he, 'we peppered the cowardly rascals severely though they would only fight from the brush. I was riding right into them when a bullet struck me.' 'Yes' said a little quiet lady with the utmost *sang froid*—'we heard that one of the lieutenants in Co. B. *had all his brains shot out.*'"

## FRENCH TREATMENT OF REBELS.

The President has been blamed by the Jacobins, for his "leniency and courtesy to traitors." He has been denounced, for being in "league with rebels," because he is not disposed to disfranchise them and confiscate their property. It has even been asserted, with the utmost confidence, that no rebellion has ever been so tenderly dealt with. This shows a remarkable ignorance of history; and we propose to call attention to a few facts, connected with the suppression of the French rebellion against the line of the Bourbon Kings.

The French Revolution was a *bona fide* rebellion, against legally constituted authority, a revolt against a race of illustrious sovereigns. A legitimate monarch was deposed, imprisoned, and beheaded. The whole order of society was upturned. The most vindictive hatred was manifested towards everything venerable for its antiquity, and distinguished for its moral excellence. The Clergy and the Nobility were banished or executed. Men of fortune and of letters shared the same fate.—All, who were elevated above the mob by their rank, birth, fortune, intelligence or virtue, were persecuted with the most remorseless fury. A military enthusiasm was born amidst this wild tempest of passion, which guided and controlled by the greatest military leader of any age, carried the terror of the rebel arms to every Capital in Europe, and planted the rebel flag upon almost all of its strongholds. After the most brilliant triumphs, and most wonderful victories, during the space of twenty years, the insurgents were put down, by a combination of almost all the great powers of Christendom. Buonaparte was exiled to Elba, the Emperor Alexander entered Paris, and Louis XVIII was placed upon the throne of his ancestors. It may be well supposed, that the allies would be exasperated by repeated defeats, and the ravaging of their respective countries. It may be well supposed that Louis XVIII would be exasperated by the murder of his relative, and the rebellion against a legitimate line of kings. Nor would it surprise us, to see this ill-feeling specially manifested towards the Army, which had wrought all the mischief. Now what are the facts? The Count D'Artois (afterwards Charles X) entered Paris on the 14th April, 1814, in advance of the new king and as his representative. Marshall Ney, as the representative of the rebel army, met him and thus addressed him "Monseigneur, we have served with zeal a government, which commanded us in the name of France; your Highness and His Majesty will see with what fidelity, we will serve our legitimate King." The Count D'Artois replied "Messieurs, you have illustrated the French arms; you have carried into countries even the most remote, the glory of the French name; the king claims your exploits; what has ennobled France can never be strange to him."—(Alison.) If the President, or any of his representatives, has extended greater leniency and courtesy than this to Southern rebels, we have not heard of it.

A Provisional Government was formed, and a Constitution was adopted under the auspices of Alexander. A synopsis of this Constitution, we extract from "the narrative of the events, which followed Buonaparte's campaign into

Russia." This book was written by William Dunlap and published in the loyal and beautiful city of Hartford, Conn., in 1814.

"That the ancient nobility resume their titles, *the new preserve theirs hereditarily*, and *the legion of honor be* maintained; that the executive power is in the king; that the king, Senate and Legislative Body make the laws; laws may originate in the Senate or Legislative body, but those relative to taxation must originate in the latter: that the Senate consist of 150 or at most 200, their dignity hereditary, *the present Senators to remain such*, and the remainder of the number to be named by the King; a Senator must be 21 years of age, and all princes of the blood are by right Senators; that the *deputies of the legislative body*, as they were *when last adjourned*, shall continue until replaced by a new election to take place in 1816: they shall assemble by right on the 1st October of each year; the King may convoke extraordinary sessions of the Legislative Body, may adjourn it, may dissolve it, but in the latter case, another must be formed in at least three months: *that no member of the Senate or Legislative Body can be arrested, but by authority from the body, to which he belongs;* the trial of a member of either body belongs to the Senate: that equality of taxation is a right, and *taxes can only be imposed by free consent of the Senate and Legislative Body;* that the mode of recruiting the army shall be fixed by law; that the independence of the judiciary is guarantied, the institution of juries preserved and the publicity of criminal trials; that *the military in service or on half pay preserve their ranks and emoluments;* that the person of the King is sacred and inviolable: the Ministers responsible for violations of the laws by public acts, which they must sign; that freedom of conscience and worship is guarantied; *that the liberty of the press is entire*, with the exception of legal repression of abuses resulting therefrom: that the public debt is guarantied, and the sales of national domains irrevocably maintained; that *no Frenchman shall be prosecuted for opinions or votes, which he has given*, and *all are equally admissible to civil and military employments:* that the existing laws remain in force until *legally* repealed; that the present Constitution shall be submitted to the acceptance of the French people. Louis Stanislaus Xavier shall be proclaimed King of the French, as soon as he shall have signed and sworn by an act stating 'I accept the Constitution; I swear to observe it and cause it to be observed.'"

It seems from this, that the rebel soldiers were still retained in service; the rebel officers, who had gained patents of nobility for their services against their lawful sovereign, still retained their rank: they were as little disturbed in the quiet possession of the fortunes they had acquired by plunder, as Gen. Butler and the Bummers of Sherman have been. The French rebels, who had won the distinction of being enrolled in the legion of honor, could still boast of their prowess in the field. The Southern rebels were stripped of all insignia of rank, and the poor soldiers had to cut off the very buttons from their coats, though without a cent of money to buy buttons of a more loyal stamp, from some New England mint.

The rebel officers of the French Government were kept in office.—No new elections were held, in which, only loyal men were allowed to vote. No test oaths were applied. The judges, magistrates, sheriffs, police, postmasters &c., all remained, as they were. No French priest was forbidden to marry, or to exercise his clerical functions, because of want of loyalty. No taxes were imposed with-

out the free consent of the French rebels themselves.

Taxation and representation were indissolubly connected—the fundamental idea of President Johnston's policy. The injured French monarch freely conceded that the right of taxation must rest solely with the representatives of the people, though that people had been disloyal and rebellious. There was to be no proscription for opinion's sake. The assumption was quietly made that those, who had been most loyal to Napoleon, would be most loyal to Louis. No new patents of loyalty were taken out. This, we were told at Greensboro, was the plan of Mr. Lincoln and General Sherman. The troops were disbanded, in the expectation that all the functions of the State governments would be discharged, as hitherto, by the men, whom the respective States most honored, not those they most distrusted.

It will be objected by the Jacobins that the Constitution was too liberal, and that the revolt, which followed in less than a year, was in consequence of the indulgence shown to the rebels. We do not so read history. Alison tells a different story. Before giving his reasons, for a second outbreak of the French people against their lawful King, we would ask the candid reader, if there could be a more perfect refutation, than here given, of the Jacobin assertion that the leniency of the President has no parallel? Nor is there any philosophy in the Jacobin reason, for the second great rebellion. The French people, like the Southern, were sick of the war. They were for peace upon any terms. Their great suffering,—the enormous sacrifice of life, the heavy taxation, the waste and desolate fields—all the horrors of war were laid at the door of their once idolized Emperor. He was repeatedly mobbed on his way to exile, once narrowly escaping with his life; and after that he made the balance of his journey in disguise. Notwithstanding, all this exasperation against him, and the utter exhaustion of the country, he left Elba on the 27th February following, and the French people rallied around him with enthusiasm. "The Bourbons had learned nothing, and had forgotten nothing." The King violated his oath, directly, and indirectly, and began a series of petty, as well as great, persecution of the men, who wished to be faithful to him. He sought to dishonor the soldiers, lately in rebellion, and make them forget the glorious deeds, they had performed. Some of the little acts of the King were, almost as small and contemptible, as cutting buttons off soldiers' coats.

We give the extract below, and let the reader make his own reflections upon it.

"They abolished the French colors, the object of even superstitious veneration to the whole French soldiers, and substituted in their stead, the flag of the monarchy, with which hardly any of the army had any association, and the glories of which, great as they were, had been entirely thrown into the shade by the transcendent glories of the Empire. They altered the numbers of the regiments, as well infantry as cavalry, destroying thus the glorious recollections of the many fields of fame, in which they had signalised themselves, and reducing regiments which had fought at Rivoli or Austerlitz to a level with the newly raised levy. The tri-colored standard was ordered to be given up; many regiments, in preference burned them in order that they might, at least, preserve their ashes. The eagles were generally secreted by the officers: the men hid their tri-colored cockades in their knapsacks. They altered the whole designations of the superior

officers, resuming those, now wholly forgotten, of the old monarchy.

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These things were submitted to in silence, but they sunk deep into the heart of the army and of the nation." (Alison's History of Europe.)

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## REVIEW NOTICES.

LECTURES ON ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Henry Reed, Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1866.

A copy of the fifth edition of this valuable work has been placed in our hands. We need scarcely say that the typography and general finish of the book are all that the most fastidious reader could wish them to be. The volume is made up of the lectures delivered by Prof. Reed in the University of Pennsylvania; with which he was connected for twenty three years. The ripe scholarship, exquisite taste and discriminating judgment of Henry Reed are too well known to need any commendation from us. We would not presume to say a word in praise of one, whose fame is as great in the old world as in the new, but for our earnest desire to see this book placed in the hands of all young men pursuing a course of liberal studies. They can have no better guide of what to read and how to read.—The author's own style is a model of pure English, and would be of inestimable service to the student in forming his own. The general reader will find no book, which contains more, probably none so much, information upon English Literature, as does this volume of Prof. Reed.

We remember the profound grief felt in all parts of our country, when it was announced in 1854, that Prof. Reed had perished on board of the ill-fated Arctic: in the prime of life and in the full vigor of his great powers. His harmless life, pure character and gentle nature had won for him friends all over the land. The Southern people will cherish his memory, not only on account of his rare scholarship and lovely qualities, but because he was the grandson of a confidential staff officer of our Virginia Washington, and the brother of the friend and legal adviser of our own Mr. Davis.

THOUGHTS ON PERSONAL RELIGION. By Rev. Edward Meyrick Gouldburn, D. D., New York. D. Appleton & Company, 1866.

We have given this book, by an eminent English Divine, more than a cursory examination. It is an earnest and eloquent plea for practical piety, among the professed followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. He is a sincere admirer of the doctrines, forms of worship and mode of government of the Church of England. But apart from this, christians of all denominations may read his book with immense profit. Cold and insensible must be that heart, which does not catch a glow from the ardent zeal of the enthusiastic writer.

POEMS BY JEAN INGELOW. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

In these days, when the word originality is almost obliterated from the literary world, it requires genius of no common order to take old materials and so combine and work them over into new forms, as

to produce the impression that they are used for the first time.—Such is the genius, which has made the name of Jean Ingelow a pleasant household word not only in her native Scotland and the rest of Great Britain, but also in the far away homes of our own land.

From the ingle nook of her manse home, she holds communion with half a world, binding with her womanly fingers, strange hearts to her own with the great silver chord of sympathy and love. She is the very priestess of nature, who in return, unfolds to her attendants some of her subtlest secrets. Her keen knowledge of human nature, her deep insight into the motives and springs of action, her genial, hopeful views of life, and her exquisite delineations of natural objects could have been obtained from no other source, and to it we may attribute the delightful freshness of her sparkling verse.

Our small limits do not permit us to even begin to do justice to the lady, or her work, as all who read them will readily perceive. We can merely indicate the entrance to the rich mine, leaving others to explore its golden depths and extract its diamonds at their leisure.

When all Jean Ingelow's poems are so good, it is difficult to make a particular selection, but we think that "The High Tide" is, in its weird horror, its graphic description, and its dreamy tenderness of sentiment, the most striking of all her works.

Next comes her "Songs of Seven," which might hang as a companion picture to the immortal "Seven Ages." Then the "Letter L.," "The Star's Monument," "The Dead Tear" and a score of others rise up to our memory, each pleading its claims to special praise and admiration.

We may not linger, however among them, but can only express our thanks to their fair authoress for the refined gratification, she has afforded us, summoning up all the varied excellence of her poetry, when we say that it is as pure and clear as the brooks she describes and as sweet as the violets that bloom on their banks.

POEMS OF FRANK MYRTLE.—J. B. McFerrin, Nashville Tennessee, 1858.

This is a neat and well-printed volume of poems by a Texan Author. The versification is smooth and correct.

EMPLOYMENTS OF WOMEN. By Virginia Penny, Boston, Walker, Wise & Comwany, 1863.

This is a beautifully printed volume of 424 pages. It is dedicated to "the meritorious and deserving women of the Country." We had supposed that the first adjective implied, of necessity, the second. This is not a time for idleness in either sex. There is a vast amount of useful information in this valuable book, which is now peculiarly opportune.

"The Home Monthly" is a new Magazine started at Nashville, Tenn. It contains 48 pages of reading matter. Price $3 a year, invariably in advance. We give the new comer a cordial welcome, and wish it a prosperous and above all, an useful career. There is a healthy moral tone about the Monthly, which commends it to our mind. We trust that the South will have a pure literature, if she can have nothing else. We have been specially pleased with the opening article of the September number, and the poem by Fanny Fielding "Can't get anything to do." If all the young idlers about our towns could read this poem, we think that they would turn over lounging and loafing to the negroes. Just now it is a difficult problem, whether their example is worse upon the negro or that of the negro worse upon them.

We have received three copies of the "Missionary Link," a Monthly published in New York and Brooklyn by "The Women's Union Missionary Society," and also the "Third Report of the Philadelphia Branch of the Society."

We frankly confess that we wish that the missionary efforts of the ladies were confined to the nursery. If they had performed their duty faithfully in the proper department of female enterprise, we would never have heard the word "bummer," and never have seen lonely and blackened chimney stacks in Georgia, and South Carolina and North Carolina, marking the spots, where once there had been happy homes.

The narrative of "A Campaign from Santa Fe to the Mississippi" has been kindly sent us by our friend F. O. Seth, Esq., of Shreveport, La. This unpretending pamphlet is by Theo. Noel of the 4th Texas Cavalry. We are glad to see such efforts as Mr. Noel has made. The history of the war can only be correctly written by letting each brigade, and if possible, each regiment, tell its own tale of heroism, endurance and suffering. We earnestly hope that many others will imitate the worthy example set them by Mr. Noel. His narrative is full of interest to us, as it relates to operations in a distant field and one but little known east of the Mississippi.

The letter of Hon Francis W. Pickens to a gentleman in New-Orleans has been placed on our table. This able, thoughtful and suggestive letter has been printed in a pamphlet of 20 pages. The mind of Gov. Pickens is always active, and its conceptions are bold and independent. We regard him as a very safe guide, when he treats of the culture of cotton and the effects of emancipation. But we must leave him when he turns to theology and attempts to teach from the Bible that there have been two distinct creations of man, and that the negro was created first. He gives as a reason for this belief, that the creation of man is mentioned in the 26th verse of the 1st chapter of Genesis, and that this subject is treated of again in the 7th verse of the 2d chapter. He thinks that the second reference is to a distinct creation. A very slight inspection of the writings of Moses would have shown the Governor that this kind of repetition is very common with the Hebrew leader. Thus the creation of the heavens and the earth are again referred to in the 4th verse of the 2d chapter. Does the Governor believe that we have two heavens and two earths? The Mohammedans believe that there are seven heavens. Christian astronomy tells of but one earth. According to the 1st chapter of Genesis, the vegetable kingdom was created on the third day. In the 9th verse of the 2d chapter, this creation is spoken of as though for the first time. Are there two vegetable kingdoms?

But the Governor's theory is inadmissible on other grounds. He thinks that there were but two distinct races. The negro was created first, (Sambo has the precedence these days!) and was made to be an eater of herbs. The second creation was of the white man (thrown into the back ground) who was to be a tiller of the soil. Does the Indian belong to the first creation? To which creation does the Esquimaux belong, who is neither an eater of herbs nor a tiller of the soil, but a feeder upon fish and blubber? Which of the two creations perished in the flood? Noah could not have belonged to both. If the flood had taken place in 1865, we might have supposed that the tillers of the soil had disappeared. Certainly, they are very

scarce just now in the South.—What becomes of the declaration of Paul "he hath made of *one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all* the face of the earth?" The nicest microscopic observations have confirmed the truth of this assertion and proved the white man and negro to have identically the same blood.

We believe that abolitionism is infidelity in its most atrocious form, but we do not believe in hunting up strange texts of Scripture, with which to combat its wickedness.

## EDITORIAL.

The report of the battle of Chickamauga in this number was not published by the Confederate Government, though called for by the Confederate Congress. This must be our apology for its appearance in this Magazine.

The absorbing topic of interest with us all in Dixie is still the proceedings of the two Conventions, which met in Philadelphia in August and September. The first was composed of the purest, best and most intelligent citizens of the United States. The second was made up of their opposites in every respect. The Jacobin Trinity was in the latter, Fred Douglas, the negro; Butler, the thief; and Brownlow, the blasphemer. Appropriately, Barnum was there to show up the unclean beasts. Appropriately too, Burnside was there with his soul attuned to Jacobin harmony, by the numerous pianos *captured* at Newbern N. C. Still more appropriately, the Southern members, *so called* were all born in the North, or were all, originally, the fiercest of secessionists and Yankee haters. Proselytes are always zealous, renegades are always truculent. We are not therefore surprised at the bloody speeches of men, who stood far off in the days, when blood was being shed. Brownlow wants three armies to march through the South; the first with the sword; the second with the torch; the third with the surveyor's chain to lay out land for loyal men. General Sherman had more economical views than Brownlow. He made one army carry both fire and sword. If Brownlow had surveyed off for him the ground, which he occupied when Longstreet approached Knoxville, it would not make a *broad* field, but a very *long* one. The surveyor's chain would have to be stretched by the straightest line, as the crow flies, from Knoxville to Nashville. The reverend blasphemer fled by the shortest route.

The representatives of the army in the Jacobin Convention were Burnside and Butler. The former was never under musketry fire, probably never under artillery fire. The latter was always beyond the range of the most powerful guns of his own troops. A correspondent of a Northern paper, writing from Bermuda Hundreds, May, 1864, said that Butler, while making a reconnoisance, had been fired upon by a rebel picket and that he fled fast enough to make his coat stick out behind so that a game of cards could be played upon it. Now we happen to know, *certainly*, that no picket was at the point, where Benjamin took his fright. It may be, however, that his horse had stepped upon a dry stick, which popping made a noise like what he supposed a rifle might make—not having any personal knowledge of the latter sound.

The contest is now one between union and disunion, humanity and cruelty, decency and rowdyism, intelligence and ignorance, christianity and infidelity. The first Convention contend for whatever is pure and good; the second, for whatever is vile and unholy.

A corporal's guard of our lowest Southern population may sympathize with the latter, but we trust it is only a corporal's guard. We may not all relish all things done by the first Convention, but we can all bid God-speed to the good work against the powers of darkness. The speech of Gen. Dix is a model of good taste, good feeling and pure English. There were some little clap-trap scenes, which had better not been acted. The Massachusetts and S. C. farce ought to have been played upon a less solemn occasion. We are not now able to lay our hand upon any copy of the old English plays; and if our quotations be incorrect of the scene between the Brigand and the Widow Carrie, we hope to be set right.

Brigand. "I sent my bummers down to kill your husband, to cast your houses and barns, your man servants and maid servants, your oxen and your asses into the fires of fanaticism, in order that your dross being purified, the pure *ore* might shine more *conspicuously*." Carrie (weeping and embracing him) "I know you did it all for my own good." Brigand (tenderly) "sweet penitent!"

But we confess we look for more good from the "Soldier's Convention." The men, who have had mutual hate knocked out and mutual respect knocked in by hard blows, are the men after all, to cement the Union, if that delicate operation can ever be done. We hope that we will be pardoned for a personal incident, in this connection. We had two particular friends in the old U. S. army; the one born north of the Susquehanna, the other South of it. Both adhered to the U. S. Government. The Northern man took the field and fought us obstinately; the Southern kept out of harm's way, but secured a good paying position, as a teacher. After the war, we wrote to the latter a brief business letter, which he refused to answer. The former, learning that we had fallen into the hands of the "Blessed Bureau" and other benevolent institutions, sent us a kind invitation to bring the wife and little rebs to spend the summer months with him. It is easy in this case to answer the question "which now of these two, thinkest thou, is neighbor unto him, which fell among *thieves*?"

It seems to be a source of regret and almost of distrust with some of the Southern people, that the President, in his efforts to rescue us from the clutches of the Jacobins, has the co-operation of those, who originally stirred up all the mischief. We, however, feel differently, and can best illustrate our feeling by having recourse again to an anecdote of Judge Butler, of S. C. When the Judge was a Magistrate, some Irish laborers brought to him a comrade charged with some offence, and urged his commitment to jail.—The poor fellow plead that he was a stranger in a strange land, without home and friends, and at length bursting into tears begged that he might be "let off this one time." His accusers were so melted by his tears and pitiful prayers that they said "what are you afther blubbering for Pat? sure if his bloody honor will dare to send you to jail, we'll *rascue* you." We imagine that Patrick would not have objected to the rescue, even though made by his original enemies. We likewise will not be choice as to the means of our deliverance.

The good people of Bonham, Texas, ask us to say that they want a gentleman and two lady assistants, of Southern birth and education, to take charge of a Female School of eighty pupils.—The climate and society are represented to be all that could be desired.

We have also been requested to notice the Prospectus of the "Spottsylvania Memorial Association of Va." The object of the Association is "to identify and remove the remains of the Confederate dead, buried in this County and the adjacent counties, to a Cemetery, the site of which has been selected." * * *

Any one by the payment of $1, per annum can become a member of the association. Mrs. Dr. A. J. Boulware, of Spottsylvania C. H., is President of the Association. As every State in the South has some of her dead heroes buried in these counties, all must feel an interest in the noble object of this most christian enterprise.

Oscar Hinrichs, Esq., 172 William Street, New York, formerly a member of General Jackson's staff, is making a series of battle maps and is desirous to get sketches and information illustrating them from the participants in the bloody scenes of the war. He is specially desirous to get sketches, reports and facts from N. C. officers and men. He says truly, in a private letter, that N. C. did not get her due meed of praise for the gallantry of her sons; and it is for the survivors now to do justice to their own deeds and to those of their fallen comrades.

The Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery could only be passed *constitutionally*, when the Southern States were in the Union. We were then in the Union for the few weeks, during which this was being done. For this brief privilege, we lost 4,000,000 of slaves valued at $1,200,000,000 dollars in property. An Irishman had slept but two hours in a hotel, when he was aroused to take the night coach. "What is my bill?" asked Pat. "A dollar for supper and fifty cents for bed," replied the land lord. "Do you charge fifty cents for two hours' slape?" "Yes." "Thank your honor kindly for waking me so soon, if I had slept all night, it would have taken every cint of me money." We too have reason to be thankful for being wakened out of our brief dream of being in the Union. A few more weeks of such costly sleep, would have stripped us entirely of houses and lands.

When the Jacobins say and do hard and bitter things, their charge of want of loyalty in the South because our people grumble back a little seems to us as unreasonable as the complaint of the little boy. "Mamma make Bob 'have heself, he make mouths at me, every time I hit him with my stick!"

It is a curious illustration of the want of appreciation, by the South, of mechanical skill and inventive genius, that Wm. H. Wash, the inventor of the best percussion-cap machine in the country, probably, the most ingenius man in the U. S., is without employment, save as a mill-wright. In England honors would have been heaped upon him. At the North, wealth would have flowed upon him. But he is as poor and as neglected as was John Gill, of Newbern, N. C., the inventor of Colt's revolver.—Dr. Read, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., the inventor of the Parrott gun, the best ordnance used in the war has fared a little better. But he had to carry his invention to Cold Spring, N. Y., and received but a pittance of the immense profits resulting from it.